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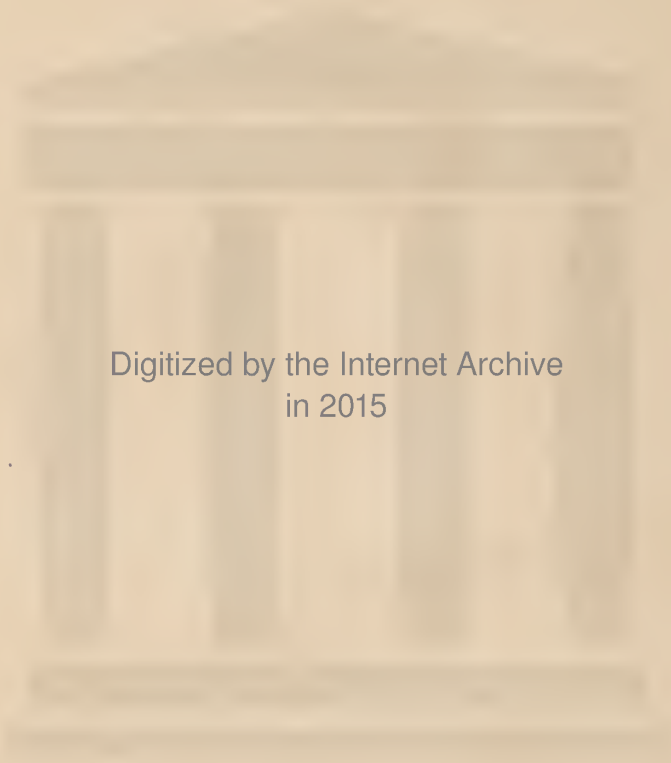

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# WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

WOMEN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETIES
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

VOLUME XVI.—1901.

PRESBYTERIAN BUILDING, 156 FIFTH AVENUE,
NEW YORK.

# INDEX TO VOLUME XVI.—1901.


AFRICA—The Century in..... 53
Missionaries in..... 63
Church of God Set up in Bululand..... 63
Membership of the First Church in Bululand..... 64
Outcome of the Bulu War..... 65
How the Doctor at Batanga Makes His Rounds..... 66
One Happy Year at Lolodorf, in Bululand..... 67
Folk Lore of West Equatorial Africa... 70
How Refugee Missionaries in Africa Were Delivered..... 71
Important from Elat..... 72
Letters from.....51, 77, 139, 229
AUXILIARIES AND BANDS, NEW.....29, 87, 119, 146, 206, 239, 266, 295, 323
AUXILIARIES, Notes to. ...26, 55, 84, 116, 144, 175, 203, 237, 264, 293 320, 347
BANNER SOCIETIES.....53, 114
BOOK NOTICES.....25, 83, 236, 292, 346
BOOKS OF THE YEAR, GOOD..... 221
BRAZIL—Missionaries in..... 153
Fourfold Work of Curityba School, Brazil..... 153
Religious Bacilli..... 160
Work and Disappointment in Aracaju.. 160
San Paulo School in Mourning..... 189
Letters from.....21, 167, 312
BROWN, DR. MARY, of Wei Hien..... 43
CANADIAN SOCIETY, Letter from a ..... 141
CHILI—Missionaries in... ..... 153
Letters from.....166, 230, 315
CHINA—Martyr Roll in, 1900.....5, 74
Missionaries.....5, 33
The Church in..... 5
Personal Records of Martyrs in North China..... 7
Shall We Give up Missions in the Far Interior..... 11
Recanting—Frightful Perils of Christian Girls—Martyr Heroism ..... 12
Paotingfu Martyrs of the "South Suburb".....15, 33
The Persecuted Church in..... 16
Story of the Shansi Massacres..... 19
The Century in..... 23
Brief, Happy, Wholesouled Service .... 34
A Little Close-Home Study from Siege of Peking..... 35
Reminiscences of the Siege of Peking.. 35
Some Notable Deliverances of Chinese Christians..... 38
Better than Statistics..... 39
A Christian Boxer and the Church in His House..... 40
Remarks of Country People, Nanking Field..... 41
Singular and Swift Retribution at Paotingfu..... 42
Dr. Mary Brown of Wei Hien..... 43
Story of a Yeung Kong Bible Woman.. 44
Escape of China Inland Missionaries from Shansi..... 47
A Sad Christmas Day in..... 54
Last Letters of a Shansi Martyr..... 73
Flight of Three Women Missionaries from Honan..... 74
Wintering in Peking..... 107
Just One Echo from Paotingfu..... 108
About Christians Who Recanted..... 108
The Situation in Peking..... 164
The English Cemetery in Peking Again Used..... 165
Latest Refugees from Shansi.....165
A Memorial Service at Paotingfu..... 190
Account of the Massacre of Missionaries at Paotingfu..... 192
Further of Paotingfu..... 195
Last Letter from the Shansi Martyrs... 196
Some Views of the Greatest Viceroy of China..... 218
"Mother Goose" in..... 220
In Peking One Year Ago ..... 222
Some Ruined Buildings in Peking..... 224
The Martyrdom at T'ai-yuen..... 225
Courageous Chinese Christians of Canton..... 227
Recovery of Two Captive Peking Boys. 253
The Situation at Paotingfu..... 254
In Memoriam Address..... 256
A Peking Orphan Boy..... 283
What Ten Dollars Did for Peking Christians..... 284
Letters from ..... .....22, 50, 80, 231, 286
CHRISTMAS—Poem..... 335
COLUMBIA—Letters from.....21, 168, 199
Missionaries in ..... 153
DOZEN QUESTIONS for Missionary Meeting.....54, 82, 113, 174, 232, 262, 289, 317
EDITORIAL NOTES (in part):
African Mail Bag..... 1
American School at Teheran..... 91
Asiatic Impostors ..... 270
Board of Foreign Missions...32, 61, 151, 181
Boxers..... 270
Brown, Dr. Arthur.....91, 151, 181, 241
Bulu Mission Stations ..... 61
Chinese New Testament Revision..... 270
Christian Literature in Hiroshima, Japan..... 92
Church in China, The ..... 1
Deaths.....2, 32, 92, 121, 151, 152, 181

Earthquake in Fukui, Japan..... 242
Ecumenical Conference..... 212
Eddy, Dr. Mary, Farewell to..... 325
Evangelical Union in Manila..... 211
Famine.....2, 182
First Church in Santa Catharina, Brazil 152
Japanese Students..... 242
Korean Robbers..... 32
Korean Women..... 298
Lahore, India, Educational Work..... 270
Laos Home Missionary..... 32
Laos Mission, New Spelling of..... 121
Marriages.....91, 212
Martyrs in China..... 1
McKinley, President..... 297
Missionaries in W. India, Oppressed.... 92
Missionary Committees of C. E. S..... 62
Mukti Church..... 61
N. Y. Woman's Board..... 269
Paotingfu.....31, 151, 181
Persian Saint, A..... 92
Presbyterian Alliance of India..... 121
Revivals..... 211
Stone, Miss Ellen..... 297
Student Missionary Campaign..... 62
Syrian Horse, The..... 32
Twentieth Century, The..... 1
Victoria, Queen..... 122
Woman's Annual Assembly..... 152
Woman's Foreign Missionary Boards... 121
Woman's Interdenominational Conference..... 2
Year Book.....1, 298

EDUCATIONAL METHODS, NEW..... 82

GATES, OUTGOING—Poem..... 336

GOD'S ACRE AT SEIR—Verse.....

GUATEMALA—Missionaries in..... 153

HAINAN—Missionaries in..... 183
Two Fragments of Humanity and the Good They Do..... 186
First Baptisms in Hainanese..... 187
Doings at Kiungchow..... 187
Thieves and a Hailstorm..... 188
Spiritual Despotism..... 188

HEART TO HEART—Verse..... 20

"HOME SWEET HOME" in Japanese ..... 247

ILLUSTRATIONS:
*Africa*—The First Bulu Church, 64; A Bark House, 67; Bela, a Typical Bulu Woman, 68; The Start from Efulen, 69. *Brazil*—Kissing the Emblematic Dove, 160; Beatrix Trulhos, 189. *China*—The Wang and Chung Families, Peking, 7; The Têng Family, 9; A Sacred Corner in British Legation Grounds, Peking, 11; Pledge from An Kü, 13; Rev. Horace Tracy Pitkin, 14; Miss Mary S. Morrill, 15; Miss Annie Allender Gould, 15; Tree to which Sidney Brooks was Bound, 17; Dr. Maud A. Mackey, 36; Sandbags made by the Women in Peking Siege, 37; Rev. John Wherry, D.D., Rev. J. L. Whiting, 38; Mr. Kao and His Household, 40; "The Jesus Church," 41; Dr. Mary Brown, 44; Mrs. Elizabeth Graham Atwater, 73; Chinese Captain with Body-guard, 75; Buildings at Wei Hien, Set on Fire by Boxers, 190; British Legation Grounds, 223; First Presbyterian Church, Peking; Roman Catholic Cathedral, 224; Mrs. Killie "At Home," Peking, 225; Rev. Thomas and Mrs. Jessie Pigott and Son, 226; All Ready for Memorial Service at Paotingfu, Pavilions Erected by Mandarins, Arch Before Entrance to Main Pavilion, Desolate Site of the Simcox House, 225; A Peking Orphan Boy, 283. *India*—Poor Women of the Hills, 94; Famine Children at Kolhapur, 98; Morning in Allahabad, 103; Sara Seward Hospital Staff, 104; Woman's Hospital at Ferozepore, 105; Patients in the Waiting-room, 106; Irene Petrie as She Was Presented to Queen, 215; Ramabai, 217. *Japan*—In the Kindergarten, 248; At Kyoto, 249. *Korea*—A Prosperous Mother-in-Law, 304; How They Travel, 305; A Missionary Home, 306; Korean Houses in the South, 307. *Laos*—Idol Worship in Laos Country, 125; A Christian Musü Girl, 130; One of the Young Wives of Chiang Rai Church, 131; One of the Main Streets of Chiang Rai, 132; Me P'ya, Her Husband and Grandchild, 135. *Mexico*—Display of a Dead Baby, 155; Prince, a Mission Horse, 156; Map of Southern and Central Mexico, 157; Building First Occupied at Sombrerete, 159; Saltillo Classes of 1900 and 1901, 162. *Persia*—Nourmahal, 272; Uramia Boys at Play, 273; American Missionary Graves at Seir, 275; Repka and Her Daughter, 279; Ancient Nestorian Church, 280. *Philippine Islands*—Typical Filipino Family of the Better Class, 183; Native Boat, 184; Outdoor Service in Hagonoy, 185; Where Services Were First Held in Bulacan Province, 186. *Siam*—Girls of Harriet House School, Bangkok, 127. *Venezuela*—After Earthquake, 46; A Street in Caracas After Earthquake, 47. *Syria*—Mrs. H. and Mrs. W. Jessup, 327; Missionary Starting on Journey, 329; Druse Bride, 331; Syrian Porter, 333; Children at School, 335

IMPORTANCE of Sending Home Information from the Field..... 233

IMPORTANT Offering from Indians of Idaho..... 235

INDIA—The Century in .....81, 113
Missionaries in..... 93
The Yoke Upon Women in..... 93
The Spice of Life at Kodoli, W. India.. 95
A Forward Step—Results of a Little Firmness..... 96
Four Classes of Hearers..... 96
Famine Children..... 97
Three Sides of Life at Ambala..... 101
A Conference Worth Telling About.... 102
Hindu Proverbs..... 102
Medical Work, 1899-1900..... 103
In Memoriam—Gwalior—Mrs. Warren, Miss Torrey..... 334
Letters from...51, 80, 109, 140, 198, 228, 260, 287, 315

JAPAN—The Century in.....201, 232
Thirty Eventful Years in..... 219
Our Missionaries in..... 243

The Great Revival in ..... 243
Japanese Women and Children in the Revival..... 245
A New Station, Church and Bell in North Japan..... 246
"Home, Sweet Home" in Japanese... 247
Three Hundred Modern Japanese Women ..... 247
Kindergarten Influence..... 248
An Otaru Woman..... 250
A New Station Heard From..... 250
A Suggestive Parenthesis and Simple Examination..... 251
April and Christmas..... 252
What Came of a Girl's Conversion at Osaka..... 284
Letters from ..... 313
JAPANESE Women and Children in the Revival ..... 245
JAPANESE WOMEN, Three Hundred Modern..... 247
KOREA—Our Missionaries in..... 299
Faithful Korean Women ..... 299
Home Life in..... 301
A Grateful Work..... 302
In the House..... 304
A Missionary Journey ..... 304
A Korean Convert..... 306
The Junkin Memorial Hospital at Fusan 307
Loving and Patient Students of the Word ..... 308
Letters from...52, 79, 112, 139, 199, 228, 258, 316
KOREAN CHRISTIANS IN CHURCH, With... 310
KOREAN WOMEN, Faithful..... 299
LESSONS, New ....23, 53, 81, 113, 141, 169, 201, 232, 261, 289, 317
LIGHT on the Future from the Past ..... 24
MARTYRS' LEGACY TO THE CHURCH, The.. 3
MARTYRS IN CHINA—Verse..... 227
MEXICO—Missionaries in..... 153
A Well known Mexican Custom..... 154
Two Country Trips in Central Mexico.. 156
A Year at Sombrerete..... 158
Saltillo Normal School, To-day..... 161
In a Protestant Mountain Village..... 163
Letters from.....166, 230
MISSIONARIES TAKEN HOME IN 1900..... 1
MISSIONARIES, Upon the Year Book of Prayer..... 234
MISSIONARY MEETINGS, How to Make Interesting..... 317
MISSIONARY to the Japanese in California 213
MISSIONARY LIFE, Minutiæ of..... 330
MISSION STUDY..... 317
MISSIONS, United Study of, for 1902..... 232
MRS. GIBSON'S EXPERIMENT..... 114
PERSIA—Our Missionaries in..... 271
A Medical Visit..... 271
The Garden and a Visitor of Hamadan Station..... 272
Urumia Boys and Their Band..... 273
Touring in East Persia..... 275
Grateful Memories of Gospel Work in Urumia and Kurdestan..... 277
A Nestorian Trophy..... 278
In the Kurdish Country..... 281
Plain Truths from..... 221
Letters from.....200, 257, 285, 312
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—Missionaries in... 183
Presbyterian Mission in..... 183
Two Chinese Filipino Weddings..... 184
Letters from ..... 197
PROTESTANT MISSIONS in South America.. 219
PUNDITA, THE..... 216
RAILROAD TICKETS, NEW..... 202
SECRETARIES OF LITERATURE at Work.... 261
SIAM AND LAOS—Missionaries in..... 123
An American Hannah..... 123
How Laos Christians Give—Givers Wanted to Make All Laos Christian.. 124
Siam Mission Meeting and a Sunday Afternoon at Petchaburee..... 126
What Sets Them Laughing and What Kills Laughter ..... 128
No Rose Color About These Facts from Nan..... 129
Re-Stationed and Looking About..... 130
The Laos Woman's Ordinary Life..... 131
The Mountain of Difficulty in Siam.... 133
A Famous Festival in Bangkok..... 133
A Laos Mother in Israel..... 134
More About Nan—Nan River and Nan Friends..... 136
Medical Work in Laos and Siam Missions..... 137
Letters from.....138, 168, 257, 286
SIDON SEMINARY..... 332
SINCE LAST MONTH....26, 55, 84, 116, 144, 175, 203, 236, 263, 292, 319, 346
SOUTH AMERICA, Protestant Missions in.. 219
SPOKEN FOR ONE, Suggestive to All..... 318
STUDENT CAMPAIGN OF 1900..... 24
SUGGESTION CORNER.....25, 116, 203, 291
SYRIA—Our Missionaries in..... 327
Beirût Seminary, Fortieth Commencement of..... 333
Girls' School at Tripoli..... 337
The Sixth Gospel..... 337
Letters from.....78, 339
TALK IN LITERATURE Hour of Presbyterial Meeting..... 289
THANKSGIVING—Verse..... 299
THIS ONE THING WE DO..... 290
THOUGHT, A..... 303
TREASURERS' REPORTS.....29, 58, 87, 119, 146, 176, 207, 239, 266, 296, 323, 350
TURKISH EMPIRE, Work Among Moslems. 327
UNITED STUDY OF MISSIONS FOR 1902..... 201, 232
VENEZUELA—The Earthquake in..... 46
Missionaries in ..... 153
VISION, The, and the Task..... 262
WOMAN'S BOARDS IN ANNUAL MEETING 141, 169
WOMAN'S LIFE FOR KASHMIR, A..... 213
YEAR BOOK OF PRAYER, Missionaries Upon..... 234

# WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN.

Vol. XVI. OCTOBER, 1901. No. 10.

BY the time this issue of WOMAN'S WORK has been distributed through the mails, the editor expects to have reached the Mediterranean on her way towards Beirût and Jerusalem. Thence, in realization of what has hitherto been only a beautiful dream, she hopes to see missions and missionaries in India, Siam, China, Korea and Japan. In sending back her good-by to the co-workers and friends of this magazine, she takes the opportunity to publicly express the joy she has had during sixteen years of mutual service with the woman's societies, and to heartily thank the Editorial Committee, presidents, secretaries and other officers, who have all cordially consented to her leave of absence for one year. How soon may she be met, on her journey, with the happy announcement that the aimed-for 20,000 subscription list has been attained?

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER, so widely known and loved through both her verse and prose, will have direct charge of WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN during the absence of the editor. She brings to her task a broad acquaintance and deep sympathy with foreign missions, and committee and constituency are to be congratulated upon the arrangement made with her.

AN article offered for publication and a note by the writer, signed "F. B. R.," but without date or clue to any address, have been received at the office of this magazine. All we can make out of the blurred postmark is "Mo.," therefore we shall be obliged to ask "F. B. R." to communicate again if she wishes an answer.

IT has already been mentioned that the New York Women's Board is about issuing a Hymnal for use in missionary meetings. The first two editions, of 3,000 each, were absorbed by the Y. M. C. A. convention in Boston and the Student Volunteers' convention in Canada. The Board's regular edition is now ready. There are about sixty hymns with tunes,—many of them devotional, old favorites, stirring ones like "Fling out the banner," a few appropriate for children, and a few choice hymns, like "Lift up your heads ye gates of brass," which are not found in ordinary collections.

MISS HOLLIDAY writes: "I often covet for Persia the honor of being the first Moslem nation to greet the Morning Star, even as her magi of old came to lay their gifts before the Babe of Bethlehem, while yet unrecognized and unhonored by his own nation. Shall not history repeat itself and his star again be seen in the East?

WE learn, not at all from himself but from a friend in California, that an address made by Rev. J. H. Laughlin, at Los Angeles, as he was on his way back to China, was the three hundredth which he delivered during his furlough in America. If every listener on those three hundred occasions, or half of them, will put up a prayer of faith for the lonely missionary and his solitary companion, Dr. Lyon, in the great heathen city of Chiningchow, who knows how swiftly the golden oil will be driven through the golden pipes, from the living olive branches?

WHEN the persecutions in China were being represented in theaters of Japan, one enthusiastic actor, having to play the foreign missionary, bought a New Testament in order to train himself for his part. He says he read the book through once, read it again, and I. Cor. chap. xiii caught him. He went to a Japanese helper to inquire into Christianity and, at last accounts, had lost all heart in his profession, though still sticking to it as he had no other employment.

A MONUMENT, erected to the memory of Japanese soldiers who lost their lives in the war with China in 1894, bears an inscription to the effect that it was by aid of the eight million gods whom they worship that the Japanese were victorious.

LAHORE is marked among stations in the India missions for its educational work. Twelve hundred men have been educated in Forman College. Last year there were 353 students, of whom 30 were Christians, 32 Sikhs, 107 Mohammedans, 184 Hindus; 22 passed for the university degree of B.A., one taking the highest place. The High School in the city enrolled 635 boys, of whom 400, all non-Christians, voluntarily attended Sunday-school. In the school for Mohammedan girls singing is taught, a very unusual thing; in the Hindu school average attendance was above a hundred.

GOOD for an Hainanese school-boy, who sold five hundred gospels while on a visit to his country home.

A DROLL middle-aged Korean gave his testimony at an evening service in Dr. Underwood's field: "Before I believed, I was such a notorious liar that no one would believe my statements. Why, if I had pointed to a dog and said, 'That is a dog,' no one would believe, but now if I should point to a box and say, 'That is a dog,' they would believe the statement."

MORE missionary steamers afloat—the *Lapsley* of the Southern Presbyterians, and the *Livingstone* of the Balolo Mission, both on the Congo.

WITH great painstaking the missionaries in Peking have completed their list, name by name, of the church members who lost their lives at the hands of the Boxers. Of those who perished, there were 179 baptized persons, of whom 106 belonged to the city itself. Perhaps twelve per cent. were children. The two Peking churches are now united in one, and the present membership is composed as follows: Men, 86; women, 40; children, 19.

THE oldest specimen of paper money in existence is believed to be a Chinese Treasury note of A. D. 1367, which dropped out from inside an image of Buddha, when the vandal hands of a foreign soldier disturbed its long repose in a temple at Peking, some months ago. A colored picture of this ancient monetary relic, with an account of how it was obtained, was published in *The Banker's Magazine* for June.

WHAT became of the famous Empress-Dowager Testament in the Peking upheaval? No trace of it has yet been found, but the yellow plush box in which it reposed has turned up. A Chinese evangelist, seeing a foreign soldier carrying the box under his arm, bought it and sent it as a present to Rev. Paul Bergen, at Tsing-tau, where it is safe and on call, no doubt, whenever the Empress desires it.

THREE committees are simultaneously at work upon revision of the Chinese New Testament, and when each has finished its task, all three versions will require to be unified. The committees are respectively revising the Mandarin, the Easy Wen-li, and the High Wen-li. On the last is Dr. Wherry, whose valuable manuscript, representing the work of himself and Dr. Sheffield for ten years, was fortunately preserved through the siege of Peking.

IT is somewhat strange that a word of caution should still be necessary regarding Nestorian and other Asiatic impostors, who scour the United States for funds on the pretext of starting independent schools. They get the money, return to their native land—held responsible to no one—and settle down to a life of ease. It is hard for worthy workers of their own race, looking on, to be contented with their own humble lot. One recent illustration is a scheme for a boarding-school and hospital in Urumia. A printed circular bears the endorsement of distinguished Presbyterians. Have these men, before giving their names to such a scheme, verified the representations made? Have they consulted Dr. Labaree, or Dr. Cochran, who have lived so long in Urumia? Or if these brethren are too far away, here at hand is Mr. Speer, Secretary for the Persia Missions; he has been in Urumia and could tell these men whether a new hospital is demanded—and several other things.

# Our Missionaries in Persia,

AND POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mrs. C. S. Blackburn, | Urumia. | Miss Lillie B. Beaber, | Tabriz. | Mrs. S. M. Jordan, | Teheran. |
| Mrs. Fred'k G. Coan, | " | Dr. Mary E. Bradford, | " | Dr. Mary J. Smith, | " |
| Miss Jennie Dean, | " | Miss G. Y. Holliday, | " | Dr. Jessie Wilson, | " |
| Mrs. Benj. W. Labaree, *en route* | " | Mrs. Wm. S. Vanneman, | " | Miss Leinbach, | Hamadan. |
| Dr. Emma T. Miller, | " | Mrs. S. G. Wilson, | " | Mrs. Jas. W. Hawkes, *en route* | " |
| Mrs. Wm. A. Shedd, | " | Mrs. J. N. Wright, | " | Miss Annie Montgomery, | " |
| Miss Mary Van Duzee, | " | Miss Annie Gray Dale, | Teheran. | Miss Charlotte Montgomery, | " |
| Miss Louise Wilbur, | " | Mrs. Lewis F. Esselstyn, | " | Dr. Blanche Wilson, | " |

*In this country:* Miss Cora Bartlett, Kingston, Ind.; Miss Mary Jewett, Room 48, 40 East Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. J. L. Potter, Ledgewood, N. J.; Mrs. J. G. Watson, San José, Cal.

Urumia Station, begun 1835 (under American Board); transferred, 1871; Teheran, 1872; Tabriz, 1873; Hamadan, 1880. Churches, 27; communicants, 2,784.

# A Medical Visit.

It was Saturday afternoon, and three hours before sunset I had promised to make a visit at a Moslem house. On the way a sick school-girl and another patient were seen and found to be improving, and as this was all the work I knew of for that day it was rather with a feeling of leisure that I started for the appointed place. I knew my patient was an old lady, the mother of a prominent man who had died some two years before. During his illness the story was started that the doctors had prescribed the liver of a child as the only cure for the disease. It raised a perfect panic in the city and stories were told of children kidnapped on the streets and new-made graves disturbed, till mothers were afraid to have their children out of their sight. Reaching the house, I was shown into a cosy little room and a spry, bright-looking old lady came in and greeted me. Seating herself under the *kursee*,* she at once inquired, "Are your children here with you?" "No." "Is your husband?" "No." "Have you no children?" "No." "Have you no husband?" "No." By that time she was regarding me with no little surprise, perhaps not unmixed with disdain, and it brought forth the inevitable question as to *why* I was in Persia. I like that, because we can at once explain our real mission. At the mention of our precious Book she said, "Why is it, if the name of our Prophet is given in the *Injeel* (gospel), that you do not accept him?"

"His name is not given. Have you read the Book for yourself?" I handed her a gospel portion and found she could read the Turkish readily, though she said the Persian would be much easier. She was much surprised at the answer I had given, for she had been told Mohammed's name was in the gospel. She had read many Persian books but none of ours. She asked me what our Book says in regard to the death of Christ. Was it not true that an angel took His place on the cross and He was carried alive to heaven?

I again referred to my Book and read of Jesus' death and burial and, later on, of His resurrection and ascension. Finally she said, "Our books seem to agree, and then they do not; they are very much mixed up, the one with the other. The only way is for each of us to live according to his own Book."

Lifting my heart at that moment for divine guidance that she might not be left in that fatal darkness, I asked her if she was satisfied in every way with the faith she professed. She quickly answered that she certainly was, but when I questioned her as to fear of death, as to a sense of sins forgiven and reconciliation with God, she admitted that her religion did not give her peace in regard to such things. Then I told her of my own conversion—how once I did not love God's Word, but that now it is to me as daily bread; of the peace that came when the burden of sin was taken away, and that death itself is to me only an entrance on immortal life. I cannot describe the interest with which she seemed to follow every word, and when I had finished she leaned towards me and, raising her hand in an impressive manner, said, "You have had an experience that has come to no one else on the face of the earth. I never heard any one speak in this way."

* Covering for the charcoal brazier.—See cut, WOMAN'S WORK, Jan., 1896.

When I told her that thousands could give the same testimony, she still insisted it was something peculiar to me alone. After about two hours I suggested that I should hear about her sickness, and she said: "Why should I talk about my body when I can discuss such things? Have I ever been able to hear words like these? What do we talk about in our companies! Only dress and scandal; no one has a thought of anything better!"

I reminded her that as she was able to read so well all these precious books were open to her. She asked me to send her a Testament in Persian, and I did so the next day.

*Mary E. Bradford.*

# The Garden and a Visitor of Hamadan Station.

In the Orient a "garden" does not mean flower-beds or neat rows of vegetables, but any open space, enclosed, planted with a clump of trees and having a water supply, even though the ground may be ragged and unsightly, will do for a "garden." Such a field, affording shade and open to the sky, served during many hot Persian summers as a retreat for our friends of Hamadan station who, in lieu of seaside or mountain resort, tented here. It was sometimes so hot that it was found more comfortable to return to the city.

NOURMAHAL. (Place of Light.)

Finally, certain thoughtful women in the State of New York proposed something more healthful, livable and permanent, and the result is Nourmahal. Two years ago, the walls were barely enclosed and building was suspended. A year ago the house was occupied, though in a rough, unfinished condition. The mason and workmen were unusually zealous to complete their job and worked on through New Year's feast days, when all the Persian world takes holiday. Wheelbarrows were introduced in connection with Nourmahal. Mr. Hawkes ordered one wheelbarrow sent to the carpenter. It was seized and appropriated by a workman who had spent some time at his trade in Russia. He knew how to use it, and the object lesson was sufficient. Other barrows were made and won their way to great favor.

The road leading to the garden was rather unpleasant owing to rocky ledges and deep ruts, but by means of a few days' work on it, personally superintended by Mr. Hawkes, it was greatly improved. About this road, Mrs. Hawkes tells a little incident: "One day riding toward the city from the garden, some of the missionaries met two men on a small donkey. The elder man poured forth a flood of eloquence in Turkish to the following effect: 'The en-

terprise of you Franks! This road has done us for generations, and who would have lifted his hand to improve it?'"—*E. C. P.*

A QUEER WOMAN.

Saideh Khanum* made me a visit a little more than a week ago—not coming in an automobile, but on the back of her nephew, a deaf and dumb boy. It was my first visit, but we got well acquainted as she stayed about two hours. She said she came because she was 'anxious to hear the Word of God—and get some charcoal, and some things to eat.' We talked about Dr. Holmes and I asked if she realized what he had done for her. She thought she did, and said she wanted us just to keep her until she got her strength, then we should see what she would do (to prove her gratitude I understood). "What *will* you do?" I asked. But she only said, "You will see."

She wanted some soap to go to the public bath, some rice to make soup, some charcoal, etc., etc. I gave her a bag of each, and as she was leaving she said, "Have you given me the round rice or the slim?" "You wanted to make soup," I replied, "so I gave you the round." "Well, what can I do with rice alone? It needs meat. And how am I to take the charcoal? This boy has to carry me." "Saffar," I said, "accompany this woman, carry the charcoal, get her a *charak* of meat at the butcher's, and go with her to her home." "But," I said to her, "you must return the bag as they need it in the stable."

To-day she has sent back the charcoal bag saying she would like some more, and some lemon water.

(*Mrs. J. W.*) *Belle S. Hawkes.*

* A Moslem woman upon whom Dr. Holmes performed a major operation, the last thing before he left Persia. See account, WOMAN'S WORK, March 1900, p. 60.

# Urumia Boys and Their Band.

Some one says, "The world is divided into three classes—the good, the bad, and the boys." Boys certainly are a class to be studied and dealt with by themselves, and boys in Persia are no exception to this statement. I should like to see a few New York boys and as many from Urumia meet on neutral ground. There would certainly be startling contrasts, but I think a certain boy language would help them to get on together.

URUMIA BOYS AT PLAY.

The Persian boy does not remove his hat on entering a room, but he is scrupulously polite to leave his shoes in the hall, and to salute all in the room with "Peace to you." The interesting collection of shoes in my front hall during the meeting of my Boys' Band on a Sunday afternoon becomes still more interesting if the more mischievous boys get out of the door first and run off with some one's shoes, or throw them up on a high ledge over the stairway.

Sometimes the boys bring their "marbles" to meeting—not marbles which American boys would recognize, but little bones from the knee of the sheep, which, cleaned and polished, are often used, alas, for gambling games. Another favorite form of gambling is with Easter eggs—to see which egg will win the greatest number of others by cracking their shells—and gambling has great attractions in the melon season. The chances are about even whether the inside of the melon will be red or yellow, and the lucky guesser wins the melon.

It is most entertaining to peek into a regular Persian school, where the boys are obliged to study aloud, and see them all sitting on the floor, swaying to and fro, and vieing with each other in the noise they can make. The teacher is

sometimes provided with a long stick with which to prod the unfortunate youth who is not studying loud enough. In our mission schools other methods prevail, for the teachers have been educated in the College or Fiske Seminary, and have ideas of order and study. Though their schools might not pass muster under the eagle eye of an American inspector of public schools, yet I have realized how much the discipline of the mission school means, when my Band has reassembled after a summer vacation. I have been at my wits' ends to know how to manage twenty-five lively, mischievous boys who have been under no restraint for several months, and at the same time to give them religious instruction. Joash would pinch David, and Paul would slyly knock off Andrew's hat, and Ishmael displayed his marbles. One Sunday I became so desperate over their behavior that I stopped short in the middle of a story, and told the boys I should have to disband their society unless they would listen quietly and respectfully. I offered to try them for one more Sunday, and then closed the meeting without finishing my story. Abraham lingered to plead, "You will not disband the society for the behavior of two or three bad boys, will you?"

That week I felt greatly dejected, as I thought the Band had been a mournful failure. On Saturday we ladies of the station held our New Year's reception for the women, who came to "bless our feast." To my amazement one mother after another told me of the great pleasure and profit her boys were gaining from the Band. Several said their sons would come home and repeat what had been said at the meeting. This was a great encouragement, and a still greater was in store for me on Sunday, when the conduct of the boys was something remarkable. Joash, the ringleader in mischief, was as quiet and attentive as any one could ask, and Abraham and Joel had taken it upon themselves to keep the others in order. I had no trouble for some time after that, and by winter I had reason to hope that several of the boys were trying to lead Christian lives.

I was often much exercised to find new methods for my Band. At one time we made a sand map of Palestine, each Sunday adding one or two towns, mountains or lakes, the boys studying about the places during the preceding week. Bible study has always been the important feature of the meetings, and those little fellows, without concordance or references, have reported from one to sixty verses on the subjects given them.

One series of meetings greatly pleased and interested them. As the Nestorians are very fond of using Bible names in their families, we had a large assortment of these in the Band. Each boy led the meeting when we studied about his "namesake." Extreme dejection was visible in the leader when his subject was not a model of virtue and honor. Here was a wonderful chance to let the boys themselves draw lessons from the Bible characters — lessons which we hope may help to make my Urumia boys good and noble men.

*Mary Schauffler Labaree.*

# God's Acre at Seir.

Written for a memorable anniversary occasion.

Under the bending heavens,
Upon a mountain side,
With view of lake and river
And green plains stretching wide,
There lies a little garden,
And from afar are seen,
Its rows of white stones lying
Upon a bed of green.

Some are so small and narrow,
And engraved upon them deep
Are the names of little children,
Who here lay down to sleep;
Short was their life's sweet story,
And soon from this world's pain
They waked to find in heaven
To die is only gain.

As the first to die for Jesus
Were the babes of Bethlehem,
So first of these who lie here
Was a babe like one of them.
Some in the early freshness
Of youth and hope and love
Left service scarce begun here—
Transferred to that above.

Count not their life a wasting
Of ointment rare and sweet,
They poured their youth's rich fragrance
Upon the Master's feet;
Wherever this glad gospel
Is given among men
Such alabaster boxes
Break with their gift again.

Some in the glow of service,
Burned out for God and man,
Spending and being spent
As only strong men can;
They gave to the fullest measure,
Nothing did they hold back,
Leaving behind a radiance
Like a shining meteor's track.

Many they turned from darkness
By the brightness of their light,
Who rejoice in the great salvation
As blind who receive their sight.
Others bore heat and burden
Of a long and weary day—
Such faithful, loving service
God only can repay.

They made themselves but servants
To all for Jesus' sake,
And service done for others
He for Himself will take.
The people bore them gently
And laid them here to rest,
And oft recount their labors
And name them with the blest.

Here they all lie together,
God giveth them the sleep
He giveth His beloved—
Why should we mourn and weep?

On this our own Machpelah
By faith we take our stand,
And claim as ours, by promise,
In Jesus' name this land.

*Annie Rhea Wilson.*

URUMIA, PERSIA, Aug. 28, 1900.

AMERICAN MISSIONARY GRAVES AT SEIR, URUMIA.
More than thirty stones bear such names as Wright, Stoddard, Cochran, Rhea, Thomson, Shedd.

# Touring in East Persia.

PARAGRAPHS FROM A JOURNAL.

Oct. 28, 1900.—We are "at home" in temporary quarters, two days' journey from Teheran. You would think it a rather abbreviated home, being two small rooms for four people. Just now Dr. Jessie Wilson is setting our table for afternoon tea, after which we shall make our second visit to a neighbor's where a group of women are awaiting us. Mr. Esselstyn and Mr. Jordan are busy making acquaintance with the men of the place. It has not seemed much like Sabbath. People have been coming and going all day. The Doctor is seeing many sick people; one poor cripple was brought in on the back of a friend. The men are examined by either Mr. Esselstyn or Mr. Jordan, and from their report the Doctor prescribes the necessary medicine. I try talking to women, reading, singing, telling them of Jesus. It is often difficult to get their attention as they are interested in the "curiosity" before them. My hat-pin seems to be a special wonder.

(No date.)—We are alone to-day as the men are making a two days' trip into a neighboring province. We are well content to remain here, having so many unsought opportunities. After a long forenoon, we tried to rest a little but a call came for the Doctor. They would not wait, so we went out to find they were not sick at all but wanted to view us. I read the story of the man born blind and Dr. Wilson explained it. You must remember that the women are more ignorant than children at home. This group had scarcely gone when an invitation came to a house near and to twenty women, and I do not know how many children, we read and explained the "Prodigal Son." In this group was a child with small-pox, a dreadful sight; we sat as far from her as possible.

(No date.)—This place is on the route to Meshed, a favored place of pilgrimage, and we see many poor pilgrims trying thus to earn heaven. They always ask if we too are on a "pilgrimage," and that gives us a chance to tell of the Saviour who has done away with works of merit. One old woman is begging her way and still has months of travel before her in this cold weather. We held evening prayers with all the doors open. A group of Moslem priests occupy rooms on the opposite side of the courtyard. We can see that they listen

to everything, though they pretend not to notice us at all.

Thursday.—The women come more freely, knowing that the men are absent. We expect the latter this evening and will take the best chicken to have ready for their return. Yesterday we could get nothing but goat's meat. We still have some home bread and jam with us, but I find to my grief that it is beginning to mould. Patros tried to rent a large kettle to-day but did not succeed; we "unbelievers" would make it unclean. Nevertheless they do not hesitate to take the medicines, and we notice their confidence is increasing and a better class of patients coming. Each is asked to pay a small fee, and how some will work to get it for nothing! We usually have quite an audience at the doors listening at morning worship. If other ways fail, I can always gain attention by telling them how good my husband is to me and how women are honored in Christian lands.

—We are spending Sunday in Gishlak. Mr. E. and Mr. J. came back from their trip, reporting wonderful chances for work. Group after group, priests and people, listened to the plainest kind of gospel talk, no opposition, unusual friendliness.

I wish I could picture the visit to the man afflicted with palsy. Mr. Jordan went with us to his home in the midst of the village. About 200 men and children followed us, filling the courtyard and stationing themselves on the mud stairway, walls and roofs. Mr. Jordan read the story of the paralytic and told in simple words of the Great Physician, who only can heal. We can never forget that scene—the poor man beyond human help lying on the little porch and that sin-sick multitude. May God bless His Word!

We got up about 3 A.M. and were on the road by 7, thus avoiding the crowd which is sure to come for medicines after they are locked up, and here we are in this public caravansarai comfortable as possible. The place is crowded with pilgrims, their animals, panniers, etc., in the large square, themselves stowed away in tiny rooms surrounding. Dr. Wilson and I are in one of the two upper rooms built upon the great doorway. The stairways are dreadful in this country, the steps so far apart that often one cannot get up and down without help. The porch around the courtyard below has no step at all and it is about five feet high. We take our meals downstairs, and three times a day there is an admiring audience watching the gentlemen throw us up to the porch. Very good exercise for them.

We have reached Simnow* at last. We made an early start for the last inn before this place. It would have been a delightful ride but for the plague of oat flies we had to endure for about ten miles. We women managed to keep them out with our veils, but Mr. E. and Mr. J. were a sight to behold when the siege was over. They tell us it is a regular happening at this season and on this part of the road.

November 18.—Our first week in Simnow has been a wonderful one. Nine years ago Mr. Esselstyn, journeying through, made the acquaintance of some friends who had not forgotten him. Amongst them the chief *mollah* (priest), to whom, and to the governor of the city, he and Mr. Jordan at once paid their respects. The mollah showed them every courtesy and kindness possible, and invited them to prayers in the mosque on Friday. They sat with him in the place of honor on his prayer carpet. After the prayers were finished, the mollah preached a sermon on well doing. When he had finished, Mr. E. asked permission to preach also and it was granted. He ascended the pulpit of a Mohammedan mosque and preached. We too were invited to call on the women of his household, and to them and their friends and relatives Dr. Wilson told the story of Christ and salvation. Never before have there been so many requests for Bibles, and they are gladly paid for. Yesterday there were seventy women at dispensary. We lost count of visitors to-day, they grew so numerous, at least one hundred this forenoon. About one-fourth really came for medicines, some are friends of patients, others invent complaints. I try to help by entertaining a part of them outdoors on a sort of porch.

We were gone about six weeks.

*Mary Park Jordan.*

* Simnow, the terminus of the tour, is 164 miles northeast of Teheran on the road to Meshed.—Editor.

# Grateful Memories of Gospel Work in Urumia and Kurdistan.

This most precious paper was written at my solicitation by Rabbi (pronounced Rawbee) Sarra. She is my dearest friend in this nation and was my teacher in Syriac. She was one of the first three pupils brought to Miss Fiske fifty years ago and her own life, in a sense, is the history of our work.—*Sarah J. Rhea*, translator.

Those of us now aged, who look back over fifty and sixty years, rejoice to recall the memories of the past. When first this mission began in this land, darkness and ignorance prevailed even among the ecclesiastics of our ancient church, which was bound under heavy burdens and hoary superstitions. No value was put upon the reading of the Scriptures and readers were very few, either men or women, and only here and there was one who could understand if they should hear. There were only ceremonies and rituals. When we compare this age of gospel light and liberty with the past, we see great wonders in our generation—*e. g.*, these schools of different grades—College, Fiske Seminary, Hospital, Orphanages, Printing Press, Kindergartens, Sunday-schools on the plain and in the mountains. As I have said, a glance at these fills us with wonder and admiration and our hearts are enlarged, our eyes fill with tears and our mouths utter praise and hallelujahs to the Divine Leader, for all these changes mark the coming of the chariot wheels of the gospel through the fulfillment of the great commission.

First, let us look at these advanced schools, the worthy mothers who have brought up sons and daughters and sent them out into many parts to become useful to the world and to the kingdom of Christ, bringing up their own children in the fear and admonition of the Lord. Some, in obedience to the last command, have scattered far and wide, in Salmas, Khoi, Suldooz, Soojbolak, Kurdistan mountains and valleys, Botan, Jezireh, Mosul and Amadieh. There, they are dispensing the light and laboring joyfully and heartily, gaining many souls for Christ, in teaching them to read and training them in the paths of truth. Many of these faithful laborers have entered into rest, as Nergis and Repka of Kasha Khamis of Memikan, Shlemon and Eneeya of Hannale of Amadieh, Esyet of Bas, Sarra, Helene and Nazi of Tiary and others. Some of those now bearing the burden and heat of the day are Kemat, who has left her husband in a grave by the Tigris, Kasha Oshana and his wife Sarra (the writer), who have a mountain record of twenty years, Kasha Kena and Misky, Yacob and Miriam of Jeloo, Ziya and Moressa, Selby and her son Kasha Abner of Marbeshoo, Miriam and Yesaminee (who call Mrs. Rhea their teacher-mother), Henna and Rakhanee, and many others whose names are written in the book of life. There are pastors and teachers, evangelists and colporteurs, bearing the name and salvation of Christ to those who are sitting in the region and shadow of death, in Russia, Tiflis, Eastern Persia, Hamadan, and the region about Kermanshah and its villages, Teheran and neighborhood, and beyond the Tigris and Euphrates. These are the outcome of the schools that overflow like fountains dispersing their streams. If all was written in detail and in order of those we know so well, it would fill a large history.

The writer of this gives honor to the Master for twenty years of her young life passed in Amadieh and T'khoma, and, though now past sixty-six years, with earnest desire she longs again for an opportunity, if possible, to spend all her remaining life laboring for these poor ones left without teacher or helper. We cannot forget that work nor banish it from our constant prayers. We record with sorrow that in these late years those villages and districts of Kurdistan, where a flourishing work was once carried on by pastors and their wives, are now deserted. They receive only an occasional visit from a missionary, or some ritualistic teacher, or a passing evangelist; and very few native preachers have wives who can help in teaching the women, and there are hundreds and thousands of families

who cannot be touched at all. When we who have labored there realize this destitution, our zeal consumes us and our hearts melt with pity. The Lord have mercy on us and revive us, and stir up zeal in the churches of America, and the zeal of Nestorian Christians to go to this self-denying field as they are sent.

With joy I can testify that the Word of God preached in those places in Kurdistan in the old days, and that is preached now with great power, has brought large returns. The doors of brass are broken. The Word of God is sharper than a two-edged sword. If there is not a manifestly refining influence upon character and habits, there are real growth in morals, and true faith, and enlightened consciences. But these poor neglected ones have not those spiritual resources that we have. They lack the spiritual comforts and uplifts that come to us in a hundred ways. In short, these lost and straying sheep are hidden in the deep valleys and wild mountains and are forgotten. A vivid picture of them is presented in these verses by Rev. S. A. Rhea, who was their specially consecrated missionary:

ISHTAZIN.

Wild leaps a dashing river,
Whirls boiling, gurgling, roaring,
With foam and splash forever,
Down chasms and gorges rolling.

From up each side that river
Far down in madness wailing,
Vast mountain cliffs in grandeur
The heights of heaven are scaling.

God's Kurdish ramparts, towering,
To passing man proclaim—
His eye and soul o'erpowering—
The great Creator's name.

Five towns like swallows nestling
Grip tight the storm-beat margins;
Shrub, tree and vine cling, wrestling
For life, in wind-swept gardens.

Those crumbling ancient churches
On Living Rock once founded
Lie, desolate; dark ages
Since gospel note resounded.

Poor blind lead blind, affrighted,
To ditch and darkness there;
Blood-bought men, benighted,
Are groping in despair.

How can Christ's flock be gathered
If none will guide their way?
How long shall they be scattered,
How long left lost to stray?

Poverty-stricken, yet rich in faith, many of these Christians of the Kurdish mountains stand as firm for the truth as their own invulnerable rocks. Far from us, and scattered far from one another, do they not appeal to the sympathy and prayers of Christendom?

Thus, when we review the past and consider the present, the sun seems to shine upon us on Urumia Plain with noonday power, in the consummation of the providence of God, and we are humbled in the dust in His presence. Now, instead of pilgrimages and ancient holy days, that were held in such reverence by the whole nation, we have annual meetings, church conferences, spiritual works and Bible readings for the uplifting of church members. In nearly every village are prayer-meetings for the women, and quarterly or semi-annual Presbyterial assemblies of women are held, with excellent papers on appointed themes, with free, appropriate and profitable discussions. These, and Annual Alumni Reunions of the College and Fiske Seminary, with social gathering of brethren and sisters, are rich privileges that have come to us with the gospel. Our good times seem like Heaven come down to earth. How sweet will be the reunion above, where no clouds of sin will mar the blessedness of reunited friends! For all these benefits we are thankful to our beloved missionaries, and the helpers together with them beyond the sea.

*Sarra, Wife of Oshana.*

NOTE.—Can any heart read this appeal for neglected souls in the Kurdish mountains and not be set on fire by the love that palpitates in every word? I have just heard that Kasha Oshana is about starting to his native mountains on a long preaching tour. He is aged and feeble and bent nearly double with rheumatism and spinal disease, and if any one in this world has earned a furlough from the war, it is he, but he cannot rest while those wandering sheep are unshepherded. They tell me that he reaches the people in the most efficient manner and does a Christ-like work.

*S. J. R.*

# A Nestorian Trophy.

Repka,* as we will call her, is one of our shining lights, a sweet and lovely Christian soul. She is poor and almost blind, a frequent sufferer from excruci-

* Or Rebekah.

ating pain in her eyes, yet she is always bright and happy, always working for the Master whom she loves. This story of her life is taken from her own lips. Would that I could give it with all the picturesque force with which she told it, but which is lost in translation.

Repka was born in the time of apples in a year of plenty, about forty years ago. She found a welcome in her home such as few little girls in Persia find. The reason was that her parents having already four sons were glad to have a daughter, and her father gave a feast of apples to his friends and neighbors in honor of her birth.

When very small, Repka's grandmother taught her the prayers of the old Nestorian Church, prayers which the grandmother herself did not understand as they were in ancient Syriac. But the little girl learned to repeat them glibly, and to fast upon the Nestorian fast days, going without anything to eat until dinner. When about eight years old she began to work in the fields for the Mussulmans, and continued so to work for eight years. A little zealot for her own religion, dark as it was, she was always arguing with the Moslems against their religion and in favor of her own; yet she was living a life of great spiritual ignorance, fasting faithfully but breaking the Sabbath, lying, stealing and reviling. She entertained, along with all the old-church people, a superstitious belief in the church building as a holy thing possessed of power to heal the sick and to grant petitions.

At the age of sixteen Repka was married, against her will, to a wretch who deserted her after five years, going off to Russia never to return. Just after he left, a teacher from Fiske Seminary came to the village to work for awhile among the women. The first time Repka heard her speak she so loved her teaching that she wanted to follow her everywhere and always, but this influence was only temporary and Repka returned to the old way of life again. Some years later, however, one of the mission evangelists visited her village and preached about Saul. That which impressed her most was the thought that God looks not upon the outward appearance but upon the heart, and she was so stirred in her mind that after the preaching she sat where she was, oblivious of the flight of time, until her mother-in-law came and reviled her for tarrying so long. From that day forward the whole of her husband's family, with whom of course she lived, turned against her and persecuted her because of the evangelical religion. "They

REPKA AND HER DAUGHTER.

have no crosses, no fasts, no baptism," they would say, "you must not go to their services." And when she did go they hated her.

The mother-in-law sent for a certain relative, a priest of the old church, who came to see if he could not dissuade Repka from attending the evangelical meetings. That night, as she was weeping and praying in a little closet in the corner of the house, saying, "O God! once before, such an awakening came to me; I pray Thee let not this pass away as that did!" the priest overheard her and his heart was softened. He rose from his bed and went to inquire the cause of her distress. She said, "I love the teaching of the English* and wish to join their church, but dare not because they do not sign the sign of the cross, and if I do not sign the sign of the cross I am afraid I shall go to Gehenna." The priest laughed and said, "Child, if signing the cross will take us

* American Mission.

to heaven let us sit and do nothing else all day! There is nothing in it. If that is all that troubles you go to their church, if you wish." He who had come as her persecutor had become her friend.

Soon after this Repka was examined by the session and taken into the church, and during the first year of her membership she was made a deaconess.

Her troubles had not ended, however, as her mother-in-law continued to treat her cruelly. When about the house at work, Repka would frequently stop her ears until her mother-in-law talked herself out of breath, and then go silently on with her work, watching for a chance for some loving little service.

ANCIENT NESTORIAN CHURCH, URUMIA.

Repka was very full of love for souls in those days, going after people in the deep snow, pleading with them, compelling them to come to church. After hearing a sermon upon heaven she exclaimed, "O God, if I am to be received into such a heaven, I am not afraid to go into all the villages and preach. If they strike me upon one cheek I can turn to them the other, and even if they spit in my face it will not matter."

Also at this time she became very anxious to learn to read. Every one opposed it, saying it was a disgrace for a woman to read, yet she clung to her purpose and would beg the little schoolboys, whom she met in the street or on the way to the spring, to teach her just one word. One of them gave her an old primer which he had finished, and this she carried about in her bosom as she worked, stopping now and then when no one was looking to pick out a word, afterwards spelling it over and over as she went on with her work. While spinning, too, she would spread her open book before her. So she went on, little by little, until she finished the primer. Then she *must* have a Testament, and begged one of the preacher in the village. He gave her an old, torn copy, but oh, the joy of reading it! Every story which she read, for instance, that of the Samaritan woman, seemed as if just new, written especially for her, and as if she were the first to find it. People began to gather in her house to hear her read the Bible and pray.

Not long after this, Repka's eyes began to show disease, which increased until she became almost blind. Though she could not read now, the people would still come to have her pray with them and give them advice, comfort and help. Her mother-in-law would flee the house to escape the prayers, and though after awhile she grew somewhat reconciled to things as they were, she died unrepentant of her sins, a drunkard and brawler to the end. During her last sickness Repka showed her a daughter's devotion, even carrying her from place to place on her back, to satisfy her restless craving for change of scene and place.

Repka still lives on, always bright and happy even in times of severe suffering; the comforter and helper of all with whom she comes in contact, leaving blessings behind her wherever she goes, whether in hospital, village or on the road; always singing the praises of Him who died to save her and zealously working to bring souls into His kingdom.

(*Mrs. Wm.*) *Adela M. Shedd.*

# In the Kurdish Country.

[The writer undertook this journey for the purpose of escorting a young missionary woman from Tabriz, Persia, to Van in Turkey, a station of the American Board.—EDITOR.]

We went over to Old City* Monday, expecting to leave next day, but there did we sit till the next Monday, eating up all our journey provisions and meditating ways and means to get over thirty-two miles of road, after which the country would be safe for travel. We concluded to get guards from a Kurdish tribe, and set off October 29 (1900) and went to the town of the chiefs of the tribe, getting mounted guards from them. We traveled over mountain bridle paths all day, very rocky, with steep ascents and descents, a nightmare of a road, the worst I have ever seen. We crossed the stony bed of the rapid Zola River twenty-two times that day. Poor Yagoot fell off her horse twice.

We were much interested in our Kurdish guards and their fine horsemanship as they galloped up hill and down. The whole country and people reminded one of the Highlands of Scotland, and I could think of nothing but "The Lady of the Lake" all day. It began to snow before we reached our village, where the chief's wife received us, the husband having gone with the principal men of the Persian Kurds to meet the Shah on his way home from Europe. They gave us narrow quarters, but the best they had. I had a sick headache, and the incidents of that evening are like a confused dream. We had the room full of Kurds, our guards of the day and men of the house, who drank tea and smoked incessantly, while two of them in turn sang Persian songs. They were from different villages and appeared to be rivals in the tuneful art, and their respective friends applauded them vigorously. The Kurds appeared at their best when exercising hospitality. They decided how many guards they would give us next day, the chief's wife remarking we must have at least six guns but eight would be better, so eight it was. I was glad when all at last decamped, leaving us to hang up our curtain, on one side of which slept Miss McL., myself and Yagoot; on the other, Kerbela Rassoul and Dr. Wright. We slept on the floor.

* On Salmas Plain, in the Tabriz field.

Next day we reached Der. The Custom House officers appeared and turned over all the contents of our loads. I had been careful not to bring anything printed except a little English Bible and a few copies of the (Indianapolis) *Press*. Miss McL. had her Bible, little books, letters and photographs. They pounced on all these they could find, even her bills for little purchases, and said we must go to Boshkolla, a day's journey, and have these things inspected before we could go to Van. In vain we reasoned and implored; the things were sealed up in a bag and the Mudir ordered us to Boshkolla, though we told him there would be no one there who could read English, as proved to be the case. We were quite in despair at having to go but, as it afterward turned out, it was a good thing. We made the best of it and settled down in the rough Armenian room, which we shared that night with men, women, children, a buffalo calf, and a cow calf. Next day we had rain on the road to Boshkolla, but the worst of it was after we got under shelter. On the mountain pass we should have crossed that day, ten thousand feet above sea level, there was evidently a fearful storm, so we were glad we had not gone on from Der.

The Governor of Boshkolla had some sense; he said at once that our bag of papers could not be examined there, but the Custom House people went through all our things again. We were in a Jewish house, as the Turks compel them to entertain travelers. Boshkolla is quite a town.

Kerbela Rassoul came in, saying he had met a relative and shortly the young man appeared, a gorgeous figure in white Russian Cossack uniform with a white lambskin hat, a silver belt and sash, a sword and a decoration gained by capturing a robber. He at once offered to send us a cooked dinner and to introduce Dr. Wright to Sharaf Aga, head of the Mahmoudieh Kurds, through whose territory we desired to pass in returning. Both these things did that excellent young man accomplish, and also rode a long way with us the next

morning. His dinner consisted of two roast chickens and eleven raw eggs, and he borrowed Kerbela Rassoul to dress and cook the chickens, being himself "a stranger in town." But it was "worth the price of admission" to see his innocent pleasure in being of use, and his unconcealed pride in his good clothes which made us all appear extremely shabby. Then it was pleasant to have a taste of Persian politeness after the rough manners of the surly Turks.

Next day we crossed the high pass. Boshkolla is about 8,500 feet above sea level, and from there we went up over the summits of the mountains. It was a beautiful day, the horses went well and all enjoyed it. About four o'clock, having descended a long series of slopes, we came to a Kurdish village where we spent the night. In the morning the surrounding mountains were hidden in fog, and snow was falling fast. We awaited developments and in an hour or so, as it seemed to be clearing, got on our horses, but had gone only a short distance when snow began to pour down by bucketfuls, in great wet clots, and we had five or six hours' riding in it, varied by sleet, hail, and rain. I had on a waterproof which was wet through in about ten minutes. Fortunately I had an ulster under it. Finally it cleared up and we got to the room off a stable where we were to spend the night. They made a good fire of dried manure, and we made chocolate to drink and got warm and dry.

Next day was fair and we reached Van at noon. All the missionaries, five in number, came out to meet us, and when we reached their premises we found 500 orphans drawn up in line, singing a song of welcome. The nice houses and comforts of Van were very grateful to us. We were there five days and saw all the workshops and schools. Besides the orphans, who are largely supported by funds from England, they have about 400 scholars in their schools. The bag of papers was returned us by the Governor as having nothing in it calculated to injure Turkey, and I read my *Press* in peace.

We left November 9, in a snow storm which lasted four hours, but after that we had beautiful weather all the way. We got over the pass very well, meeting several hundred soldiers plodding on foot through the snow. Our progress was about three miles an hour. We had an order from the Governor of Van to give us Turkish guards to Old City, but the churlish Mudir refused to furnish them. We therefore took our way to the home of the robber chief, Sharaf Aga, to get guards from him. I was surprised to find him living in a big, well-built, handsome house, with no yard walls, and with plenty of glazed windows. I did not see him, but was taken into an up-stairs room with a cheap European ingrain carpet on the floor. How common and out of place it looked!

After leaving the robber castle, our four guards took us over the snow-covered mountains under a hot sun till we reached the main road. One of them told us of two men he had killed and we knew they were all robbers and murderers, but they treated us very decently. At last they said they dared not go any farther, as they were getting among enemies, and begged to be allowed to return, promising to get men from a near village to take us within sight of Old City. We foolishly accepted this, and two mounted men rode with us three or four miles, then said they must go back. They were not willing to take what Dr. Wright offered them and demanded more and still more, till they were given four or five dollars. It was now dusk and they rode off; we sincerely hoped we had seen the last of them, but in a few minutes they returned, demanding all the money we had, which was only three or four dollars besides what they had already extorted. We were quite helpless, with our tired animals; indeed, we were most thankful they did not kill us for what we had.

They left us in the dark at the head of a steep, rocky defile. We had to trust the horses to take us down, for we could see nothing. When we reached the bottom our horses neighed after theirs, from which we gathered they were not yet gone, but at the top were considering if they should return. However, God delivered us from them and we saw them no more.

I have been very glad to have this

chance of seeing the Kurds in their own homes. They are a wild race, reminding one of the Indians and of the Highland clans. What they need is good government, but above all the gospel, to change their motives and ideals. They are about what they were in the days of Xenophon, if they are not, as I suspect, the worse for the baleful influence of Islam, which degrades all it touches. They are at war among themselves, and their blood feuds, public and private, are endless. They admit that it is wrong to rob and murder, but say they, "How shall we live? We are forced to these crimes."

*Grettie V. Holliday.*

ULA, Salmas, Nov. 17, 1900.

# A Peking Orphan Boy.

This little boy, Ku, only six years old, has an interesting history. He belonged to a Christian family in Peking. When the Boxers began killing the Christians, they came one day to his house. They seized his father, mother, little sister and himself, binding their arms behind their backs. They dragged them to one of their temples, placed them in front of the idols and examined their foreheads to see if they could find the sign of a cross, for many Boxers have the superstitious idea that Christians have the sign on their foreheads.

These Boxers imagined they saw the cross on the forehead of poor little Ku's father and mother and beheaded them, placing their heads before the idols as an offering, while, not finding any marks on little Ku and his sister, they were released. The sister was carried off by some one, and a Chinese soldier took charge of the little boy and led him down the street. While thus walking, a man who was acquainted with Ku's relatives saw them and begged the soldier to give the boy to him. The soldier was glad to get rid of his burden, and this man was kind to little Ku and delivered him to a relative of his.

But little Ku became sick with typhoid fever. When Mr. Mason Wells, of Tungchow, went to Peking last September, he found the boy very weak and emaciated, so he brought him down to Chefoo, where a brother of little Ku took charge of him, and carried him in his arms to Dr. Effie Cooper for treatment. The poor little fellow was weak and sad. Under Dr. Cooper's care he made great improvement and is now a bright, fat-cheeked little boy. The impression of the dreadful scenes through

LITTLE KU AND HIS BROTHER.

which he passed is gradually wearing off.

May he follow in the footsteps of his martyred parents, who, though they had not the sign of a cross upon them, were yet the "servants of God who had been sealed in their foreheads." (Rev. vii. 3.)

*W. O. Elterich.*

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TWENTY years ago, in Shansi, a province of twelve millions of people, there was not a witness for Christ, not a convert nor a chapel.

# What Came of a Girl's Conversion at Osaka, Japan.

Several years ago a bright young woman found her way to one of the preaching places here. She came so often that the worker soon grew to expect to see that "earnest-faced" girl. In course of time her interest deepened to such an extent that she determined to take this Jesus of whom she had heard for her Saviour, and she was baptized. After this step, troubles began at home. Her parents, thinking to dissuade her from "this notion of hers," as they termed it, first threatened, then shut her in her room on a short allowance of rice and water only. When she was able to escape, as she was sometimes in the evenings, she would come to us and amid her tears relate her trouble, saying, "What shall I do? I can't give it all up. Will they never have pity on me?"

As events transpired, it became possible for her to leave home and enter the Bible school, where she learned more of "the hope" for which she had already suffered so much. She afterwards became a Bible woman and finally married a business man. Being forgiven by her family, she was able to lead one after another, her mother, two brothers and a housemaid in their family to Christ. Here is the sequel:

Last Sunday evening the old mother, rejoicing in the promises, fell on sleep while this daughter was praying at the mother's last request. This morning Tajima San with shining face told us of her mother's "blessed-happy" death. Taking off our shoes at the threshold of their home, we passed in over the soft padded matting and rugs, through one room after another, until behind a gilded screen, in a plain unvarnished coffin, we found all that was mortal of one who, like Paul, had been first a persecutor, then a follower of Christianity. In her hand was a New Testament, her treasure on earth, and on her face was a look of peace which the world can neither give nor take away. A sprig of her favorite flowers, pink fragrant plum blossoms, lay on her breast beside the Testament, the symbol of future life, they said.

The universal Japanese custom, contrary to ours as usual, is for the bereaved family to send a present of cake or sweetmeats to friends and acquaintances after a funeral. Tajima San said that her mother, being too old and feeble to "tell" others herself, had sent to the gospel store and bought three hundred tracts and Testaments to have presented to the funeral guests this afternoon (Feb., 1901), when the simple Christian burial service is over. This is her mother's testimonial and last work on earth for Christ.

We came away rejoicing that we had been permitted to see this fruit of sowing done years and years ago. The white-haired old father says he doesn't understand, but if he can die like that he wants to be a Christian, too.

*Marion Nivling.*

# What Ten Dollars Did for Peking Christians.

The first person I helped was Mrs. Ying, who is very poor. She is the only Christian in her family and life is made pretty hard for her. She was exceedingly glad of the help and sends thanks. The mother of Tou Wei Cheng was next. You have heard how he warned many of our people last summer, how he helped Mr. Li with his children until they were quite near the Methodist Mission, then left them that he might rescue others, and how he testified for Christ until life was gone. His mother is old and poor, and quite broken up over the loss of her son. She was not content to stay in Peking, but wanted to go back to their farm and put in crops, so I gave her money to buy implements and seed.

Old Mrs. Wei was next. Early in the fall I gave her one dollar and she did business on that for months. Finally her capital dwindled and the poor old soul had done so well on the one dollar that I gave her two, and she was very grateful. Her grief over the loss of her daughter who was massacred was touching. I still have $1.80 (Mex.) uninvested, which I will put to good use later.

*Eliza E. Leonard.*

## PERSIA.

DR. EMMA MILLER wrote from URUMIA May 18:

Over six months have passed since I reached Urumia and the American visit is a dream. My time is largely taken up with the hospital, so that I remain quite closely at home, though I have had some calls to villages. Since fall I have seen in dispensary practice

OVER EIGHT HUNDRED PATIENTS,

and our hospital patients, so far, number three hundred and sixty five. I do not know how many Dr. Cochran and his assistants have seen.

Six medical students began their course of lessons this year. One is a Moslem. I have anatomy with them. Their lessons are in English, and on the whole they do very well.

THE WHOLE SYSTEM BAD.

The other day I came upon the end of a pitiful story of a Moslem girl whom I saw first two or three years ago. Her grandmother brought her to me for some skin affection, but the girl was also deaf, dumb and nearly blind. The old woman cried as she told how hard it was to care for her, and how she could not decide whether "to kill her or not." I told her of course *not* to kill her and asked her if she would give her to me. She took the child home (age fourteen or so) and in a month or two brought her again, and this time she said, "I gave her medicine, poor thing, but she did not die." She was in great distress that the child should have suffered from the poison without dying. Last Friday the old grandmother came again, bringing the younger sister of the helpless girl, who is also deaf and dumb, but whose eyes are perfect. "That other one died," the old woman said. "They told me to give her arsenic, and I gave her arsenic and she died." "And you caused her to die?" I asked, for such is the Turkish expression for killing. She did not seem to feel that she had done wrong so much as she felt the misery which, to her mind, made the killing justifiable.

The whole system of life here is to blame more than was the poor old grandmother.

Another woman, a Nestorian, came bringing her baby into a room where we had a case of measles. I remonstrated and she answered cheerfully, "Let her take the measles, and let her be sick, and let her die; it is the work of God." I tried to show her that it would be *her* work, and murder, if her baby should die from the exposure, but she looked smilingly unconvinced.

AT PRESENT CHEESE

for the coming year is being prepared. It is bought of the Kurds, who bring it in lumps, or tough curds. It is washed, salted, pounded fine, salted again and seasoned with fragrant seeds. It is then packed into jars holding six to eight pounds, covered tightly with skin, and buried in the ground in one of the cellars. By autumn it will be ready for use. I find it very palatable, though too rich to use freely. The breakfast of most people here consists of cheese, bread and tea. I have just come from an

ENTERTAINMENT BY THE Y. M. C. A.

which was very pleasant. One of their favorite performances is for a good imitator to get up and "take off" any one who has any peculiar way of speaking, and missionaries come in for their share. Tea was served and I took two glasses which have made me wakeful, and so I am writing at nearly midnight.

Yesterday the governor's wife called, with friends and children, and was received at Mrs. Coan's house. The gramophone interested them and Mrs. Coan and Elizabeth played for them. The *khanum* asked for "The Storm," which she had heard before, and which is much appreciated by these people, who know nothing of our music. They

like to let themselves shiver when the thunder rolls, and one mountaineer some time ago was so impressed that he gasped, "*Mit-le!*" which means "I died," a very common exclamation to express great emotion.

## HAINAN, CHINA.

Miss Henrietta Montgomery wrote from Hoihow, June 24, four months after her return from furlough:

What with the girls' school, women's class, calls, study hour, etc., the days fly by with startling rapidity. Up to within a couple of weeks the weather has been very comfortable, but the last few days have been sizzling hot, both day and night. There has been a good deal of fever among the children, but with the exception of Dr. McCandliss' two weeks of sickness, we have kept very well.

There is much cause for gratitude, as we see evidence of the Spirit's power. Last week six applicants presented themselves for baptism; one man and one woman were admitted. There is certainly an increase of interest all around.

Now we fear French intrusion, as they are again making threatening demonstrations. Pray, dear friends, that this calamity which we fear more than Boxers may not befall us.

You will be grieved to hear of the

DEATH OF MR. JEREMIASSEN,*

the pioneer missionary of Hainan. He spent the winter in the south of the Island, and with his family was coming on a Chinese junk to Kiungchow for the summer. He was taken with typhoid fever and died when four days out. Not having reached a port Mrs. Jeremiassen could not secure a coffin, so she put the body in one of her bookcases for preservation and when she got a coffin, three days later, the body was so swollen as to make it necessary for her to go into a Chinese town and hunt up boards with which to make another. The poor woman was obliged to superintend the making of it herself. He died on Sunday and they did not reach Hoihow till Friday morning. She sent a servant ashore with the sad intelligence, and three of us went to bring her and her four babies ashore. A quiet little service was held in the hospital chapel, and all that was left of the man of such fearless courage, who had suffered and endured so much for the salvation of this people, was laid away in the little plot south of Hoihow, which was given for a foreign burial ground. The fortitude which Mrs. Jeremiassen displayed during those days of frightful anxiety and distress has been marvellous.

Last month we witnessed for the first time in the history of this station a

HAINANESE CHRISTIAN FUNERAL,

that of a young man who died of consumption.* What a striking contrast to the awful noise, confusion, and the ostentatious display, which characterize a heathen burial! No hired mourners, no loud wailing, no firecrackers, no display of fancy-colored cakes and roast pig, no crowd of disorderly boys carrying banners; but as the quiet, dignified procession passed through the streets of Kiungchow, we heard the people remark, "This is a nice way to do." The little widow is now my maid of all work. She wore the customary sackcloth, but was quiet and nice in her conduct. The simple stone bore the inscription, "A disciple of Jesus Christ," with name and date of birth. It was a wonderful revelation to the little band of Christians.

OPENING THE NEW STATION

at Kachek requires the presence of two men, and while Mr. Campbell is engaged with house plans, etc., there is no minister to do the evangelistic work of this station, so Mr. Street has charge of Sunday services, hospital work, three Bible classes a week, two meetings in Kiungchow and general personal work with in-patients. We consider it very fortunate that he is with us at this time.

I am delighted with a class of sixteen women who are learning the Romanized. It will be an excellent thing if we can enable our Bible women and other Christians to read the Bible. It will make them so much more efficient.

## SIAM.

Mrs. J. B. Dunlap of Bangkok wrote, May 6, from Paknam, whither she had gone for a little rest, carrying all her "unanswered letters" with her:

The schools close the last of March and, as the hot season is then well begun, we missionaries try to seek some change. We have no sanitarium, and unless we take a sea voyage cannot go far enough to find a change of temperature. As the Press never takes a vacation, Mr. Dunlap is not able to go far away. Paknam is at the southern terminus of the railroad, and we are only an hour's ride from Bangkok, so he can go in every two or three days to look after the printing. Though very hot here, we find the air fresh and, when the tide is high, we take a salt-water bath. I had heard that alligators were sometimes seen

* A Danish layman, formerly connected with our mission.

* Compare July Woman's Work, p. 187.

here, but as the bathing is the greatest benefit the place affords I tried to be fearless. A few days ago an alligator was seen on the rocks near our bathing place and I am not so sure of my courage, since.

We find it very interesting to watch the ocean steamers as they come in from Hong Kong or Singapore and drop anchor, waiting for the visit from the quarantine doctor and the Custom-house officials. Yesterday his Majesty, the King of Siam, started on a trip to Java. As the royal yacht accompanied by seven other boats weighed anchor, the salute of twenty-one guns was fired from the fort opposite us. The King expects to remain away long enough to escape this most unhealthy part of the year. Our dry season is at an end and, for a month or so after the rains set in, fever is very prevalent. This is cholera season also, but there is not so much sickness among foreigners as a year ago.

As the time of our furlough approaches, we find ourselves not eager in anticipation, for when we go next it will be to place our two boys in schools and then return without them.

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Miss Bissell wrote May 1, from Bangkok, where she was staying with school-girls in vacation:

I like vacation time especially, for it is then I get nearest to the few girls that must be always with us, as they have no one to love or care for them. I did not fully appreciate

THE WANG LANG GIRLS

until I had visited Petchaburee and had seen the village girls there. No such contrasts are possible in a Christian land. I came back with the feeling—"What possibilities!" We have about ninety girls, and it seems more like one great family than a boarding-school—a beautiful spirit throughout. It does me good to meet the young women that have gone out from the school. They always speak of it in affectionate terms.

But everybody knows of Wang Lang, and everybody likes to come there, so it seems a home to all; especially the Siamese young men, who have so much opposition in their lives, seem glad to be able to come for help and encouragement. Last Sunday two young men came up to read and study the Bible. One is a sincere seeker. I think some of them very brave to withstand what they do. How different from at home, where the Christian life is made so easy!

I LIKE THE SIAMESE

people very much. I find many good things in them and have come to feel how alike we are after all. Our Father is the same and we are all one great family with the Divine Spark within each soul, only some are waiting to be lighted, and blessed is he who may be used as a taper.

Bangkok is a strange mixture of the ancient and new. Most of the old city walls are still standing, a picturesque sight where they are overgrown with moss and ivy. The little floating houses that line both sides of the river, the one great thoroughfare of Bangkok, tell the Westerner much of the slow, easy-going life of the Oriental. One of the most common sights always amuses me; it is the little brown baby running around without a stitch on, except a heavy crocheted woolen cap of many colors. Siamese children are cunning.

## INDIA.

Rev. E. P. Newton wrote from Khanna, May 3:

I do not know whether I have ever before mentioned Nabha. It is an important city lying twenty-five miles south of Khanna, and the capital of a native raja. This raja is a Sikh, that is, he belongs to a sect of Hindus which was founded by a *fakir* named Baba Nanak in the latter part of the fifteenth century. Baba Nanak taught his followers to worship one God and denounced idolatry. The Sikhs are very numerous in this part of the country, and some of them are faithful to the tenets of their *guru* or teacher, but many have relapsed into the worship of idols and can scarcely be distinguished from the orthodox Hindus, except by the long hair, like that of a woman, which they wear tied in a knot at the top of their heads as a badge of their sect. When one is baptized we require him to cut his hair short to prove his sincerity.

THE RAJA OF NABHA

is a fine specimen of the Sikh ruler, of a handsome presence, strict in attending to the affairs of his government, held in high honor by his subjects, and free from many of the vices which unhappily characterize a large proportion of the native chiefs in this country. Two or three years ago, when in Nabha I called on him and presented him with a very handsome copy of the four Gospels and Acts, specially bound for him at my request by the British and Foreign Bible Society. He received me well, thanked me for the book and afterwards returned the call. I had an opportunity of discussing the doctrines of the gospel with him. On my recent visit to Nabha he was away on state affairs. However, we encamped three days near the city, and I

preached a number of times to crowds who gathered in the bazars.

I wish our C. E. Societies could take

A WALK THROUGH THOSE BAZARS

(business streets) and see the dense masses of men and boys, some seated in their shops, others passing intent on business, and others standing, sitting or lying about, with nothing particular to do. Some are clad in scantiest clothing, even in cold weather. What there is of it was once white, but it has never been washed since it was put on, and it is now the color of the ground. Some are dressed in flowing white robes and others in all the colors you can think of. To one unaccustomed it would be a picturesque sight, but it long since failed to rouse our enthusiasm. The thing to be chiefly noted is that, except when the place is visited once or twice in the year for a few days by myself or one of my assistants, these people are destitute of the Gospel, and even on the occasion of these visits the numbers that we reach with our message is in proportion to the total population only as a drop in the bucket. There is no regular missionary work carried on at Nabha. I have not a man to post there. Neither have I the means to occupy it if I had a suitable man.

The same is true of Maler Kotla, the next large town that we visited, and of Sangroor, which is twenty miles beyond. This last is the capital of the raja of Jheend. It is a fine place with broad, clean streets, a great contrast to the ordinary native town. I had a large, quiet and attentive crowd to preach to but I had to come away, and it will probably be months before Christ is again named in Sangroor. Why do not Christian people take hold of work in this country in earnest?

## AFRICA.

Miss Simar (since become Mrs. Ford) wrote from Baraka, April 30:

Our school had a closing exercise last Thursday, to which we invited parents and friends and French officials. We had singing of French hymns, recitations in French of Scripture and arithmetic, and two hymns and one recitation in the native tongue.

The officials expressed themselves in most profuse language. I did not know how much I was to accept as mere flattery, but it was encouraging to have them pleased.

I often think of the busy life of the New York harbor and how vessels go and come and but few are aware of their presence, while here the smallest sail causes questioning and interest. One day a very peculiar vessel entered the harbor. The next day I was down at Holt's factory and was told it was a vessel of theirs which came direct from New York and had been only 52 days making the trip, having arrived a month before it was due. How nice it would have been if some one from home had been on board!

MY TRIP TO THE INTERIOR.

It is four months since I went. We started from Batanga on New Year's day. We were going among the Bulu people, one of the large tribes fast becoming more important than the coast tribes.

We would walk in the forest for hours at a time. It was cool and refreshing under shade of the big trees. The clearings were hot. The towns we crossed were hotter still, for the sun beat down on the yellowish clay, free from every vestige of grass, which formed a wide street between two rows of native houses.

We crossed pleasant streams by which we would stop and bathe hands and face and sometimes our weary feet. These streams were mostly parts of one river, the Kribi.

It was with great pleasure we all sat down in a small, shaded clearing on the side of the path for our hasty meal. You can easily imagine that thirteen young people found no trouble in doing away with a couple of chickens, bread, cheese and fruit sauce in but a short time, after a walk of four or five hours.

Then came the night on native beds, but not so bad after all! The Bulu sleep on beds made of poles, but we had our carriers cut grass and put it on the beds, then spread on this our steamer rugs and our blankets and we have what I am ready to call a very comfortable bed. We have prayers, sit and talk or sing a while, and then seek our luxurious couches and readily fall asleep, and continue in this good work till some saucy, familiar rats come to call on us, then good-by to sleep.

About 6 P.M. the third day, we were ascending Efulen hill. Two dwelling houses made of bark, a storehouse, a church and hospital of bamboo, with some two or three native houses, are the buildings to be seen on mission hill.

Efulen never held such a number of missionaries before, but we were made most comfortable by Dr. and Mrs. Johnson's and Mr. Johnston's kindness and care. On Sunday I had a little fever which made it best for me not to go to church. But if I could not see, I could hear a great deal. When 300 of these people had gathered, the noise of anklets and of voices made their presence quite evident. But when they sang you would have been surprised, for they did do far better than a home congregation, and I enjoyed it very much.

# HOME DEPARTMENT

## Christian Missions in the Nineteenth Century.

### LESSON VI.—OPPORTUNITIES AND COMING CONFLICTS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.—PART II.

**V. Possibilities of the Twentieth Century.**

(*a*) General; (*b*) In Africa; (*c*) In China; (*d*) In India; (*e*) In Japan.

**VI. Coming Conflicts.**

(*a*) Between Civilization and Barbarism.
(*b*) Between Christianity and Heathenism.

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*The Evangelization of the World in this Generation*, by Mr. John R. Mott. Published by Student Volunteer Movement, 3 West 29th Street, New York. Chap. vii (Possibilities, General).

*Foreign Missions after a Century*, by Rev. James S. Dennis. Published by Fleming H. Revell & Co., New York. Lecture VI (Present Achievements). Lecture II (Civilization and Barbarism). Lecture V (Christianity and Heathenism). *Christian Missions and Social Progress*, same author.

Other books and magazines: *Modern Missions in the East*, by Rev. E. A. Lawrence. Published by Harpers. Chap. iv (Possibilities, India). Chap. xii (Conflict, Civilization and Barbarism). *The Redemption of Africa*, by Frederick Perry Noble. Vol. II., pp. 748-766 (Possibilities, Africa). *The Yang Tsi Valley and Beyond*, by Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop. (Possibilities, China). *The Student Missionary Appeal.* Published by Student Volunteer Movement. Pp. 85-87, chapter on Japan (Possibilities, Africa and Japan). *The Gist of Japan*, by R. B. Perry. Chap. xvi (Possibilities, Japan). *Missionary Review of the World.* Obtained, 30 Lafayette place, New York. April, 1900, pp. 283-286 (Possibilities, Japan). *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1900 (Possibilities, China).

NOTE.—It would be well if the first four books mentioned could be placed—at the request of missionary societies if necessary—in all town libraries. In places where there are no public libraries those in Sabbath-schools might be utilized.

* Part I was published in September issue.

### A DOZEN QUESTIONS FOR MISSIONARY MEETING.

[Answers may be found in the preceding pages.]

1. What was Dr. Bradford's patient more concerned about than her physical state?—Pages 271, 272.

2. How and why has Hamadan Station a garden, and what sort is it?—Page 272.

3. What made a Band meeting interesting to some boys in Persia?—Page 274.

4. Quote two incidents from a tour in East Persia.—Pages 275, 276.

5. How is "Sarra" of West Persia Mission a link with the past? What does she enumerate as blessings which have been received through the gospel?—Pages 277, 278.

6. How did a Nestorian woman learn to read?—Page 280.

7. With what people does one come in contact in crossing the border from Persia into Turkey? What traits in them does Miss Holliday disclose?—Pages 281, 282.

8. To whom is Dr. Emma Miller teaching anatomy? What does she think of the Persian "system of life"?—Page 284.

9. What do missionaries on Hainan dread more than Boxers?—Page 285.

10. What is the distinguishing mark of a Sikh?—Page 286.

11. What chance for Christian instruction have two cities and a large town in Mr. Newton's field?—Page 287.

12. How do they sing hymns at Efulen, Africa?—Page 287.

### A TALK IN LITERATURE HOUR OF PRESBYTERIAL MEETING

HELD AT MANSFIELD, OHIO, APRIL, 1901.

How does the reading of my magazine, WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN (holding it up in her hand), help me? We are commanded to "pray for the peace of Jerusalem." How could I pray for it, knowing nothing about it? But there are watchmen upon the walls of Jerusalem "who keep not silence and hold not their peace day or night." If I want to know I must cry, "Watchman, what of the night?" For they tell of the coming of the morning, and it is for the coming of this morning of peace and light that I am to pray. And I must know more than just that it is coming. I must know *how* it is coming. And I may know, for it (W. W. FOR W.) "bringeth good tidings, it publisheth peace; it bringeth good tidings of good, it publisheth salvation." "Every day brings a ship, and every ship brings a word."

WOMAN'S—WORK—FOR WOMAN. The first W. stands for *me*, the next for my *work*, and the next for my *sisters*. My work for my sisters! Why wouldn't the reading of it help me, if I care anything for them? (Turning the pages): Items of special interest—some one sick—some one suddenly called Home—some special victory—some special cause for thanksgiving—some foreboding evil.

Articles about our work. Letters from *them*, to *me*. Their pictures! I can look into their faces, and read what they say, until I feel as if I were personally acquainted. They almost seem to belong to me. In this way I learn to know such great people and how they do great things in a simple, unselfish way.

And some of the best letters! I thought when I read Mrs. Warren's letter in the last February number, "That's the best letter I ever read." (Gives some extracts.) How could I read such a letter and not be helped by it? I find very choice poems also. I want to read a little bit from two of them. One is by Miss Halsey in the January number, 1896, "His Jewels." Perhaps some of you remember it. (Reads a few verses.) The other one made a very deep impression on me, perhaps because I specially needed the lesson it taught—a lesson of unselfishness. It was "Heights of Praise," in the February number for '95. How could I read such poems and not be helped by them? They are interesting even to those who are not specially interested in missions.

A young girl not brought up on missionary literature was visiting in our home, and she picked up this magazine of ours, looked at it, read some, and kept on reading it until she had finished it. She said it was "good" and wanted to know how much it cost. I said to myself, "It must be interesting or Grace wouldn't read it." It costs fifty cents a year. Quite a bit when there are not many bits and there is a place to put every one. But the *Ladies' Home Journal* we find in almost every home. It costs a dollar—just twice as much as Woman's Work. We have the first because we want it; we can have the other if we want it just half as badly.

When any one says to me that she doesn't believe in foreign missions, I think, "That's because she doesn't read our magazine," and when some one says, "We send too much of our money away, we ought to keep more for our own church," I think, "That's because they don't read this magazine (holding it up). It makes me *sure* that I believe in foreign missions. It makes me *thankful* for my Christian home. It makes me *know* why I give, how to work, what to pray for.

*Helen Laing.*

## THIS ONE THING WE DO.

All who are in the habit of reading Woman's Work for Woman carefully must have noticed frequent allusions to the battle with intemperance on the foreign fields. Drunken pall-bearers in Japan, a converted Japanese who abandoned his ancestral business of wine-making, temperance lectures in Beirût, crimes committed by drunken men on Hainan, Korean wives rejoicing in sobered husbands, appalling drunkenness in Chili, and the monks encouraging it—these, and more, instances had their place in the recent narrative. In many places the missionary is the only man who rebukes opium and liquors; the church of an American mission is always an opponent of these things. This feature of missionary labor will be often touched upon by the missionary magazine, but it should not be controlling and turn a missionary publication into a temperance publication. When we are petitioned by good people to devote pages of Woman's Work to assailing evils within the church, to social problems, to Sabbath observance, to employments for women, to agitation for prohibition of the liquor traffic in various countries—we look hard at the cover of our magazine and say to all of them alike, "Get thee behind me." They mean well but they are tempting us. "Published by the Women's Foreign Missionary Societies"—is a pledge to one purpose and to that we are resolved to stick, and our friends must not try to weaken the force of the message which we have to communicate by confusing it with other subjects.

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When one from our family goes on a journey, we get out the map and follow his progress with keen interest. If our societies chose a missionary to follow for a year, in the same way, with the magazines, wouldn't real interest grow?

## SUGGESTION CORNER.

SHOULD any Secretary of Literature find her office overtaxing in the matter of postage or car fare, is there any reason why she should not frankly present her bill to the Treasurer of her society?

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FROM London, with a card of invitation to an afternoon meeting in July, to meet Bishop Tucker of Africa, "at Abbey Lodge, Chislehurst (kindly lent by Colonel Silver):

"The meeting out of doors was delightful. Girls came from all directions on bicycles. Do *we* have meetings in pretty grounds, on a bright summer day? Why not? Bishop Tucker went out (to Uganda) eleven years ago. There were then two or three hundred converts; there are now thirty thousand."

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FROM Jamestown, Minnesota:

"I hope ladies of the Board are praying for our WOMAN'S WORK and the success of the canvassers. This is the season when they should do their utmost. Their part is done sometimes with quaking heart, and they need the help of the Lord. The August "Book Number" is a grand idea. At our Mankato Presbyterial Meeting, Mrs. D. B. Wells, our lovingly-helpful Field Sectary, mentioned the titles of a few books, and there was such instant and eager inquiry about them as showed that many do not know what to get, or where."

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FROM Piqua, Ohio:

"I am laid aside from active work, having been an invalid two years, the doctor says from overwork in my missionary and Bible work. We have a new Secretary of Literature in our local missionary society, and I am trying to plan the work for her of canvassing the entire church. She found before Christmas that many put off on account of Christmas expenses. I took the church manual, and she is going to every house, street by street, in the order of the numbers of houses where our members reside. I told her that if she was not successful the fault would not be hers. I furnished her with copies to show. The China Supplement in the last magazine is worth the price of the whole year.

"I have been sending a few names at a time, as we got the money, because I did not want to keep subscribers waiting, and as I pay the postage myself it makes no difference. I shall be seventy-three years old on January 7th, so I suppose it was time for me to stop, but it is hard not to keep on in the work I have loved so well."

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FROM Cincinnati, Ohio:

"I have been very much interested in the United Study of Missions lessons since the first notices of the same in August WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN last year, and have worked to introduce it in the societies of the Cincinnati Presbyterial Society. We have secured the same privileges for preparation in our public library as are granted for woman's clubs. Many societies have adopted it in various degrees. It has needed all the time this winter to introduce these preliminary studies, and one cannot but wonder what more can the proposed regular course offer."

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FROM Fulton, N. Y.:

"We are using 'Christian Missions in the Nineteenth Century' in our monthly meeting and are all wonderfully interested."

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FROM Utica, N. Y., regarding the United Study Lessons for country societies:

"I suggested that if the lessons seem formidable, they give two or three meetings to a single lesson, that the chairman of topic committee simplify as need be, selecting the very best and fitting them to the needs of their particular societies. The lessons appeal to me in that they are a step towards unity, and that, to my mind, should be the keynote of mission work in this twentieth century."

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FROM Owatonna, Minn.:

"Some of the ladies in our missionary society are desirious of doing more and better work. Why can't we have a society which gives the same advantages and pleasure as the clubs, that the women of to-day rave about? Our idea

is to enlist the sympathies and help of our church women in missions rather than let them be drawn to clubs. To do this we must raise our standard of work, we must be sympathetic and thorough."

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

*Presbyterian Foreign Missions.* By Robert E. Speer. (Presbyterian Board of Publication, Phila.) 7¼ in. x 4; 296 pp. Price, 50 cts.

This compact little volume offers an account of the missions of our Church, which is framed upon an entirely different scheme from the *Historieal Sketches*, neither does it supply those lists and dates which are an important feature of the *Sketches.*

Mr. Speer leaves the bones to other bookmakers; he goes for the life and spirit, and vivid pictures to the eye. One chapter is given to a country, so that the chapters are very unequal in length. The first is brief, upon the "Missionary Organization of the Church at Home." Chapter X, "The Missions in North America," begins with early work among the Indians, runs into that carried on among Chinese and Japanese, followed with a sketch of Mexico (eight pages), "the greatest mission field on this continent, now under care of the Board," and closes with Guatemala (three pages). We have nothing on our shelves to take the place of this handy volume, and it will be in demand.

It is to be regretted that the publishers have not been more thorough with the proofreading.

*The Sixty-sixth Annual Report of the Lodiana Mission for 1900.* (Lodiana Mission Press.)

This Report covers the work of nine stations, twenty-two out-stations and the home mission field of the Presbyteries of Lodiana and Lahore. The distinctive feature of Lahore station is education; of Lodiana, the Press and village evangelization; of Saharanpur, theological school and orphanage; of Ferozepore, medical; of Sabathu lepers. There are 20 churches with 1,700 communicants in a population of nine millions.

*Report of American Presbyterian Mission, Canton, China, for year ending October, 1900.* Printed at Hongkong.

There are 3 stations, 14 out stations, 20 churches with adult membership of 3,142.

*Annual Report of the Medical Missionary Society in China for 1900.*

The Society is sixty-three years old. Total attendance of out-patients at Canton Hospital was 22,021.

*Annual Report of the Presbyterian Mission Hospital, Miraj, West India, for 1900.* Printed at Bombay.

This is always an interesting Report. The total treatments were 24,835; new patients, 9,548; surgical applications, etc., 5,409.

*The Women's Foreign Mission of the United Free Church of Scotland, 1900.* (T. and A. Constable, Edinburgh.)

This is a "First Report" since the union; a handsome pamphlet of 98 pages.

*Twenty eighth Annual Report of the Women's Missionary Society of Rochester Presbytery, 1901.*

Five foreign missionaries are sustained, and five at home.

*Woman's Home and Foreign Societies of the Second Presbyterian Church, Cincinnati, 1900-1901.*

*Program, 1901-1902, Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, Piqua Presbyterian Church.*

*Effectiveness in Christian Work.* By Rev. James G. K. McClure. (Fleming H. Revell Company.) Paper, 10 cts.

## SINCE LAST MONTH.

ARRIVALS:

August 14.—At New York, Rev. and Mrs. L. B. Tedford, from West India. Address, Maryville, Tenn.

DEPARTURES:

August 14.—From Vancouver, B. C., Rev. W. L. Swallen and family, returning to Pyeng Yang, Korea.

August 24.—From Tacoma, Wash., Rev. C. H. Denman, M.D., and family, returning to the Laos Mission.
Mrs. Calvin Wight and child, returning to Chefoo, China.
Frederick J. Tooker, M.D., to join the mission in Hunan.
Rev. Asher R. Kepler, to join the Central China Mission.
Dr. Mary E. Fitch, to join the Central China Mission.
Miss Juniata Ricketts, to join the Central China Mission.
Miss Margaret Jones, to join the Central China Mission.

August 31.—From New York, Miss Martha B. Hunter, returning to Colombia.
From New York, Rev. Benj. W. Labaree and family, returning to Urumia, Persia.
Rev. and Mrs. Jas. W. Hawkes, returning to Hamadan, Persia.
Rev. Chas. A. Douglass, to join the East Persia Mission.
Rev. Norman L. Ewer, to join the East Persia Mission.
From New York, Rev. and Mrs. J. S. Cunningham, to join the Africa Mission.

September 7.—From New York, Miss M. Louise Law, returning to Sidon, Syria.
Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Irwin, returning to West India.

September 9.—From Vancouver, B. C., Rev. and Mrs. A. A. Fulton and three children, returning to Canton, China.
Mrs. L. J. Davies, returning to East Shantung.

# TO THE AUXILIARIES.

[FOR ADDRESS OF EACH HEADQUARTERS AND LIST OF OFFICERS SEE THIRD PAGE OF COVER.]

## *From Philadelphia.*

Send all letters to 501 Witherspoon Building. Directors' meeting first Tuesday of the month and prayer-meeting third Tuesday, each beginning at eleven o'clock. Visitors welcome.

October. Prayer Union.—*Our Auxiliaries.*

OUR *Home Secretaries'* annual autumn letter will be received by the Presbyterial Presidents about the date of the issue of this magazine. Setting forth as it will full information in regard to the present aim of the society, as well as its need, we bespeak for it earnest and careful attention.

OUR notes of August and September magazines have given full description of the late attractive leaflets—*Zigzag Journeyings* and *20th Century Exercise.* A report of our Y. P. W. is now ready for issue and may be secured by sending postage.

FOR Persia: *Persia Flash Lights,* revised edition, 3 cts.; *Home Life in Persia* and *Daughters of Iran,* 2 cts. each; *Copied Letters from Persia, Historical Sketch,* 10 cts.; *Question Book,* 5 cts., and *Illustrated Program,* 5 cts. per doz.

*Year Book,* 1902 (10 cts.), will be issued Nov. 1. Begin now to secure orders.

## *From Chicago.*

Meetings at Room 48, Le Moyne Block, 40 E. Randolph Street, every Friday at 10 A.M. Visitors welcome.

A THIRD of the year has passed, leaving our receipts $3,961.19 less than was given during the same four months of last year. "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of."

AT the great Y.M.C.A. Jubilee Convention in Boston, Mr. John R. Mott said, "If we are to win in the foreign field, we must win at home, against prejudice, ignorance of the plans concerning the kingdom, selfishness, lack of heroic giving, prayerlessness, and unbelief in the face of opportunity." What can you do, this year, to overcome this prejudice, enlighten this ignorance, rout this selfishness; to stimulate heroic giving, to change prayerlessness into unwearied supplication, to conquer in yourself and others this sin of unbelief? What will you do?

EVEN so sweet a rose as a summer vacation has its thorn. To miss such a call as that from Miss Charlotte Hawes, who passed through Chicago and the mission room Aug. 23d, on her return to Wei Hien, was a loss which all woodland delights could not make good. But her footsteps left an echo of heroism within our walls.

WE notice that more than thirty of the missionaries whom we love to call our own began their foreign service in the month of October. Among them are such names as Ayres, Bernheisel, Bissell, Boomer, Bradford, Brown, Campbell, Chase, Chesnut, Eckles, Field, Galt, Glenn, Hayes, Jewett, Johnson, Mattox, Menkel, Miller, McGaughey, McKee, Nivling, Shoemaker, Silver, Snook, Williams and Wilson. In such a month of beginnings shall not we too begin some noble task? a closer walk with the Master who so loved that He gave? a life-term as His blessed bond-servants?

THE admirable Chinese Motion Song, in Mission Studies for August (p. 252), contributed by a Foochow missionary, could be easily adapted for the use of our Presbyterian Juniors. Among the leaflets published by our Congregational friends at 59 Dearborn St., Chicago, is one by Miss Ada Haven (now Mrs. Calvin Mateer), *Children's Rights,* 15 cts. per doz.

A CHICAGO pastor says that many people have asked him to pray for them when they were passing through illnesses or about to start on journeys or facing dangers of various sorts; but few have asked him to give thanks for them when these perils and trials were past.

AN Annual Thank-offering Meeting is held each autumn by our next neighbor, the Woman's Board of the Interior. Is it not a good example for us?

## *From New York.*

Prayer-meeting at 156 Fifth Ave., cor. 20th St., the first Wednesday of each month, at 10.30 A.M. Each other Wednesday there is a half-hour meeting for prayer and reading of missionary letters, commencing at same hour.

THE Treasurer requests all the Presbyterial Treasurers to send in October all they have received for the *Summer Offering* without regard to their usual time for making a remittance.

IN planning for the winter meetings it is advisable to look carefully into the monthly topics as given in WOMAN'S WORK. The sub-topics for January, under the general head of The Open Door, "Plans best adapted to awaken the home church to her great opportunity," is one that should be considered by every society.

LATE in August a farewell meeting was held at 156 to speed on their way the missionaries to Persia, among them the Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Hawkes. A little earlier in the summer, Miss Wyckoff went to Japan. Other new missionaries are Mrs. Romig and Miss Gowans, whose fields have not been designated at this writing, and Miss Ackles, who will probably go to Korea. These names should be interlined in our Year Books as their stations are designated.

THE "Twenty fourth Annual Report of the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbytery of Syracuse" is a model for a purely statistical statement of work done. The page devoted to magazine subscriptions shows that WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN goes into each auxiliary. Of how many other presbyteries can this be said?

LEAFLETS.—For October: *Historical Sketch on Persia,* 10 cts.; *Twenty-five Years in Persia,* 15 cts.; *Questions and Answers,* 5 cts.; *Home Life in Persia, Some Visits to Christless Homes, Dr. Asahel Grant, The Daughters of Iran,* each 2 cts.; *Flash Lights on Persia,* 3 cts.

LEAFLETS.—For November: *Historical Sketch on Korea,* 10 cts.; *Questions and Answers,* 5 cts.; *Girls and Women of Korea, Home Life in Korea, Kim Yong Sun,* each 2 cts.: *Little Disappointment,* 1 ct.

## *From Northern New York.*

The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Woman's Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society of Northern New York will be held in the Presbyterian Church, Catskill, N. Y., Thursday, October 10, 1901. The sessions will open with a devotional service at 10 A.M. Missionary address 11.30 A.M. The afternoon session will convene at 2 o'clock. There will be brief reports in regard to the work with a missionary address at 3.30 P.M. Lunch will be served by the ladies of the church to all in attendance.

The N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. train leaving Troy, N. Y., at 8.45 A.M. arrives at Catskill Station at 9.53. Connection can be made with the Hudson and Catskill boat leaving Hudson at 9.00 A.M., by the train leaving Albany at 8.00 A.M. The 10.30 A.M. train from Albany arrives at Catskill Station at 11.28. Trains leave Catskill Station at 4.39 and 6.52 P.M.

Delegates who are unable to make train connections and desire entertainment over night will please notify Mrs. Samuel L. Penfield, Catskill, N. Y., not later than October 5th.

Notice with further particulars will be sent to the Secretary of each Auxiliary not later than September 25th.

## *From St. Louis.*

Meetings the first and third Tuesdays of each month at Room 21, 1516 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. Missionary literature for sale at the above number. Visitors always cordially welcome.

One of the pleasant features of the month of August was an informal afternoon that we spent with Miss Barrett, who goes to Korea under the auspices of our Board. There is a very beautiful little history connected with Miss Barrett's choice of a field that all of our readers will be interested to know about. Before Miss Mary Hayden, who afterward became Mrs. Gifford, went out to Korea, she and Miss Barrett were warm friends, and the latter was looking forward to going to the foreign field as a missionary. Circumstances, family affairs, compelled Miss Barrett to abandon her intention, and Miss Hayden went in her friend's place. After several years—alas! only too few!—of faithful, loving, and, in the best sense of the word, *successful* service in Korea, Mrs. Gifford was called Home. We, in Room 21, with saddened but trusting hearts, asked the Master most earnestly for some one to *fill* Mrs. Gifford's place, and almost immediately came Miss Barrett's letter. It was just such a letter as we hoped would come from Mary Hayden Gifford's successor—no further words of commendation are necessary. We who were privileged to see and converse with Miss Barrett believe that the people of Korea will rejoice that she elected to go to them.

The new special object work for this year is ready for assignment. Any society desiring information about it will find the Special Object Secretary, Mrs. J. A. Allen, more than willing to correspond with inquirers.

An interesting letter from Mrs. Jennie Sherman Grierson tells of experiences at Wenchow and of a Sunday service to which native Christians came three or four miles in pouring rain. The usual number present at these services was about sixty; on that day there were forty-eight. How many of our home churches could show such a proportion of members present on a rainy Sunday?

Miss Margaret B. Axtell writes from Sao Felix that the outlook for the second school term is a very encouraging one. She tells of the various ways the church members raise money for their new church edifice, "by carrying water, selling flowers, making cigars, selling sweet cakes; by ironing, sewing; and even the little girls blacken shoes and make beds to add to the money already in the mite bags." Miss Axtell, it is to be remembered, has only been a short time in Brazil, and therefore still has difficulty with the Portuguese language; she hopes to progress more rapidly now that she is able to understand all that her pupils say to her.

A letter from Mrs. Miles, Bogotá, was read at the August mid-monthly meeting. She relates still stronger instances of Catholic persecution of native Protestants than in her previous letter. We are glad to note that Mrs. Miles' health seems to have improved.

Please do not forget to send for mite boxes for the Silver Jubilee fund. The boxes are quite pretty and artistic, and one will be furnished free to each society. In order to raise a sum which will mark our twenty-fifth anniversary as a year of peculiar rejoicing, it will be necessary for each society to set to work immediately and *in earnest*. Nothing that is really worth while comes without hard work.

## *From San Francisco.*

Public meeting at 920 Sacramento Street the first Monday in each month at 10.30 A.M. and 1.15 P.M. All are invited. Executive Committee, third Monday.

The group of ten missionaries who sailed *per* the *America Maru* for Japan and Korea was an inspiration to all who met them because of their good cheer, zeal and hopefulness for the work before them. The foundation work in Korea is strong, and any church or mission might well copy their methods. All going to Japan were going to Tokyo, and were just in time to help in the great revival there. Six thousand Japanese are seekers or have learned and are learning to be Christians in Tokyo. Miss Milliken remembered well a reception given for her and others seventeen years ago by the Occidental Board. We wished to repeat it this time, but were not sure that all could find the time to be present. We hope not to thus deny ourselves for the next band of missionaries who sail from this port.

Miss Milliken's mother, Mrs. Samuel Milliken, and Mrs. D. B. McCartee, elderly women, were in the party, and were as buoyant as the younger ones. They too love Japan. Miss Wyckoff was returning to join her parents, who have had a long residence there, and Tami Mitani, a Japanese pupil of Miss Milliken, has attended the Northfield school for a year.

Missionaries for Korea: Rev. and Mrs. William N. Blair, Rev. William Barrett, Miss

Mattie M. Henry, Miss Mary B. Barrett and Rev. Edward H. Miller, the latter a graduate from our theological seminary.

THE *America Maru* is a pleasant steamer because of its staterooms along one side of an upper deck, and we hear good reports of the service on the Japanese steamers. We did not meet Rev. Walter O. McIntire on his way to the Philippines.

REV. MR. HAWORTH and wife and Miss West were here from Tokyo, coming home on furlough. They were present at our public meeting Aug. 6, and gave a graphic account of the revival in Tokyo. Miss West was present at an Occidental Board reception seventeen years ago. We also met Rev. Graham Lee, wife and children, coming from Korea for rest. Mr. Lee spoke in one or two churches, and all who heard him were intensely interested.

ROBERT E. SPEER'S new book, *Presbyterian Foreign Missions*, a good text book on missions, is received—cost, 50 cents—and soon the text book on the *United Study of Missions*, which for a year has been foreshadowed in WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN, will be in our hands. Thirty Women's Boards of various denominations will study these histories together, comprising six lessons from Paul, to Judson and Carey, and we wish they might be taken up by the churches and studied by all the people. We will leave it for WOMAN'S WORK to tell the whole story.

ANOTHER matter of interest is that Miss Ellen C. Parsons is to rest for a year from her editorial work and is to travel around the world gathering up material for many years to come, we believe. If her careful itinerary is carried out, she will appear in San Francisco in July of next year. We wish her a prosperous journey, good health, a safe return to the editorial chair, and that she shall in all the journey "abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

LEAFLETS—Persia: *Historical Sketch*, 10 cts.; *Questions and Answers*, 5 cts.; *The Bride's Outfit* (poem), 10 cts. per doz.; *Twenty five Years in Persia*, Mary Jewett, 15 cts.; *Dr. Asahel Grant*, *Henry Martyn* and *Samuel Mills*, *Woman and the Gospel in Persia*, Rev. Justin Perkins, D.D., each 18 cts. paper, 30 cts. cloth; *Sketch of Miss Grace Russell*, free; *Fiske Seminary*, 3 cts. each, 15 cts. a dozen.

## *From Portland, Oregon.*

Meetings on the first and third Tuesdays of each month at the First Presbyterian Church. Visitors welcome.

BY the time this issue is in circulation, societies will have received a letter from our Board asking that a simultaneous canvass be made for our magazines. Will your society be the banner in our territory—the largest number of subscriptions in proportion to the church membership?

PRESBYTERIAL presidents should be very active during the fall months, organizing new societies where there are none; planning for the introduction of the United Study in Missions; pushing the magazine canvass; stimulating the weak society, and keeping in close communication with her Presbyterial officers.

MRS. E. C. PROTZMAN has been very busy preparing and mailing large packages of leaflets, free to all societies, or individuals who make request for them. These packages contain the very latest leaflets written by the ablest and brightest writers on missions.

MISS JULIA HATCH, a missionary to the Laos under the Northwest Board, who has been spending almost her entire furlough in Portland, in the hospital and in convalescing, is now nearly restored to health. She has addressed a number of our societies, and the result has always been an increased interest in missions, especially in her beloved Laos people. Miss Hatch possesses all the characteristics of an ideal missionary. We congratulate the Northwest Board on their representative to this people.

OUR own missionary, Miss Ellen Strong, has been obliged to return from Korea on account of failing health. She is spending a few months in a sanitarium in San Francisco, where she is slowly improving. Our deepest sympathies go out to her in this forced resignation. We are eagerly awaiting her return to headquarters.

The latest tidings from Dr. Maud Allen in Jagraon, India, tells of the appearance of cholera and the plague in their midst. There seems to be no end to the perils that surround her. We rejoice that her furlough is so near at hand that she may have the much-needed rest which she so richly deserves.

## NEW S. C. E. AND BANDS.

**FLORIDA.**

*S.C.E.*—Glenwood.

**NEW JERSEY.**

*S. C. E.*—Asbury Park, 1st; Bayonne; Burlington, Jr.; Cape May, Jr.; Dayton; Dunellen, Jr.; East Orange, Elmwood; Lakehurst; Lakeview; Newark, Calvary; Ogdensburg; Ruthcrford, Emanuel; Salem, Jr.; Sayerville; South River; Taylorsville; Wantage, 2d, Jr.

**NORTH CAROLINA.**

*S.C.E.*—Hot Springs; Hot Springs, Jr.

**OHIO.**

*S. C. E.*—Ashland, Jr.; Barlow; Bradner; Cambridge, Jr.; Cincinnati, 1st German; Cincinnati, 2d German; Columbus, 1st; Columbus, West Broad St.; Dalton, Jr.; Doylestown, Jr.; East Liverpool, Jr.; Iberia, Jr.; Lexington; Loveland; Parma; Perrysburg; Senecaville, Jr.; Seville, Jr.; Tiro; Toledo, 5th; Toledo, East Side; Waverly; Wickliffe.

**PENNSYLVANIA.**

*S.C.E.*—Allegheny, North; Avondale; Blairsville, Jr.; Canton, Jr.; Darnstown; Dillsburg, Jr.; Easton, College Hill, Jr.; Easton, Olivet, Jr.; Fairmont; Frankford; Glasgow; Greenwood, Jr.; Harrisburg, Bethany; Harrisburg, Westminster; Harrisville, Jr.; Indiana, Jr.; Irwin, Jr.; Lancaster, Memorial, Jr.; Logan's Valley; Logan's Valley, Jr.; Lower Path Valley; Manasses; Millerstown; Montour; New Alexandria, Jr.; New Salem; Newton; Olyphant, Jr.; Peters burg, Jr.; Philadelphia, Beacon, Int. Cohocsink, East Park, Olivet, Jr. Princeton, Int., Scots, Int., Tennent, Jr.; Pittsburg, Oakland; Robert Kennedy Mem.; Roxborough; Spring Creek; Stewartstown; Strasburg; Sunbury, Young Ladies' Bd.; Upper Mt. Bethel; Watsontown, Jr.; Waynesboro; Worthington, Jr.

**SOUTH CAROLINA.**

*S.C.E.*—Brainard.

**TENNESSEE.**

*S.C.E.*—New Providence; Philadelphia, Mt. Zion Ch., Little Doorkeepers.

**VIRGINIA.**

Clifton, Clifton Miss'y Bd.

## Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church from August 1, 1901.

PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.

BALTIMORE.—Baltimore, Aisquith St., S.C E., $53.00
BUTLER.—Pleasant Valley, S.C.E., 1.50
CHILLICOTHE.—Chillicothe, 1st, 37.50; 3d Ch., 2.91; Concord, 3.67; Greenfield, 22.96, S.C.E., 5; Hillsboro', 18.75, Sycamore Val. Aux., 3.75; Mt. Pleasant, In mem. Mrs. Josephine Holderman, 16; McArthur, S.C.E., 1.25; North Fork, 3.33; Pisgah, 6; S. Salem, 10; Washington C. H., 20; Wilkesville, 5; Wilmington, 6, 162.12
CINCINNATI.—Cincinnati, 1st, King's Messengers, 9.60; 2d Ch., 50.50, Y.L.S., 4; 3d Ch., 26.55; 4th Ch., Y.L.S., 1.25; 5th Ch., S.C.E., 1; 7th Ch., 16.69, S.C.E., 3.28; Avondale, 72.20; Knox, 2; Mohawk, 11.85, Buds of Promise, 1.13, King's Messenger's, 1.02; Mt. Auburn, 46.38; North, 3.35; Sabbath Day Aux., 5; Walnut Hills, 63.55, Humphrey Bd., 14; Cleves and Berea, 6.48; Hartwell, 3.30; Lebanon, 3; Linwood, 8, Calvary Workers, 2.50; Madeira, S.C.E., 2.50; Montgomery, S.C.E., 5; Pleasant Ridge, 13.03; Pleasant Run, 2.50; Wyoming, 30.45, 410.11
CLARION.—Academia, 8; Beechwoods, 18.31; Brockwayville, 21.25, Always Ready Bd., 6; Brookville, 9, Cunningham Soc., 2.50; Clarion, Y.L.S., 5; Du Bois, 6, Stewart Soc., 5; Edenburg, 8.50, Mayflowers, 2.20; Emlenton, 10, Bd., 4; Endeavor, 5; Greenville, 8.60, Bd., 41 cts.; Oil City, 2d, 10; Penfield, 12.25; Reynoldsville, 5; Sligo, 50 cts.; Sugar Hill, 7; Tionesta, 9.60, S.C.E., 3, S.C.E. Jr., 1.50 [all thank off.], 168.62
COLUMBUS.—Columbus, 1st, 6, S.C.E., 3; Central, 25.14; Olivet, 3.66; West Broad St., 2.50, S.C.E.Jr., 5; Westerville, 10, 55.30
HOLSTON.—Mt. Bethel, 7.43; Salem, 4, 11.43
HUNTINGDON.—Altoona, 1st, 13; 2d Ch., Panethia Circle, 1.30; 3d Ch., S.C.E., 3; Bellefonte, 115; Duncansville, 5, Willing Workers, 20.50; Huntingdon, 39.50, E.W. for L.L. Bearers, 4.25; Kylertown, 6; Lewistown, 89; Lower Spruce Creek, 6; Lower Tuscarora, S.C.E., 12.50; Pine Grove, 19.48, S.C.E., 3.81; Shade Gap, S.C.E., 2; Spruce Creek, 150; Sinking Valley, 11; Tyrone, 36.79, Moore Bd., 5, L.L. Bearers, 75 cts.; Williamsburg, 21.70; District Meeting, 21.11, 586.69
KITTANNING.—Worthington, S.C.E., 8.50
LIMA.—Ada, 5.03; Delphos, 6; Enon Valley, 4.50; Findlay, 1st, Y.L.S., 12.50; Lima, Market St., 32.50; Ottawa, 2.50; St. Mary's, 17.83; Van Wert, 9.37, 90.23
MARION.—Delaware, 30.00
MORRIS AND ORANGE.—Morris Plains, S.C.E., 2.75
NEWTON.—Beattystown, S.C.E., 5; Belvidere, 1st, 30, Primary Cl., 15; Blairstown, 57; Hackettstown, 22; Stewartsville, Armor Bearers, 10; Stillwater, 3.50; Wantage, 1st, 3.25, 145.75
PARKERSBURG.—Buckhannon, 3.95; Charleston, Kanawah Ch., S.C.E., 3.33; Fairmont, 3.50, McFarland Circle, 12.50; Parkersburg, 6.50; Sistersville, 5.50, S.C.E., 6.45, 41.78
MISCELLANEOUS.—A Colored S.C.E. in Penna., 3.00

Total for August, 1901, $1,769.28
Total since May 1, 1901, 17,790.08

JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treas.*,
501 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sept. 2, 1901.

The Aux. Soc. of Fourth Church, Trenton, N. J., has sent a Christmas box to Mrs. Holcomb, Jhansi, valued at $31.65.

## Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest to Aug. 20, 1901.

* Indicates gifts for China relief, † India famine orphans.

BISMARCK.—Edgeley, Dorcas Aid Soc., $8.00
BLOOMINGTON.—Champaign, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Gunn, 12.50; Waynesville, C.E., 15, 27.50
CHICAGO.—Arlington Heights, 5, West Side Juniors, 7; Coal City, 12.50; Central Park Ch., 6.50; Fullerton Ave. Ch., 11.50; Brookline Pk., C.E., 5; Chicago, 1st, 9, *75 cts.; 2d, *5; 4th, 89; Christ Ch., C.E., 5; 6th, 19; 8th, 40, C.E., 15; Englewood, 1st, C.E., 8.33; Hyde Pk., Interior sub. rebate, 1; Olivet Mem'l Ch., 2; Kankakee, 15; Lake Forest, 236.50, Steady Streams, 88.19, Y.P.S., 11.55; Waukegan, 17.85; Wilmington, Mrs. A. J. White, 5; Anon., 8, 623.67
DETROIT.—Detroit, 1st, Miss Katherine Whitney, 100.00
FREEPORT.—Freeport, 1st, Jr.C.E., 10; Marengo, C.E., 100; Rockford, 1st, 28, 138.00
INDIANAPOLIS.—Elizabethtown, 3.15
KENDALL.—Malad City, 2.00
LA CROSSE.—La Crosse, 19.35
MATTOON.—Arcola, 1; Bethel Ch., 1.10; Assumption, 3.50; Charlestown, 8.55; Kansas, 4.60; Pana, 32.90; Paris, 10; Robinson, 4.90; Shelbyville, 20, †5, C.E., 8.64; Taylorville, C.E., 2.50; Tower Hill, 3.80, 106.49
NIOBRARA.—Emerson, 2.20; Niobrara, 40 cts.; Pender, 2.50; Ponca, 4; Wakefield, 5; Wayne, 5; Winnebago, 4, 23.10
OMAHA.—Craig, C.E., 2.08
PEMBINA.—Tyner, 15.00
SAGINAW.—Alma, College Y.W.C.A., 50 cts.; West Bay City, Westm'r Ch., C.E., *5, 5 50
ST. CLOUD.—St. Cloud, 6.00
SIOUX CITY.—Sioux City, 1st, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Elliott, 500.00
WINNEBAGO.—Crandon, C.E., †7.50; Fond du Lac, 5; Green Bay, C.E., 42 cts.; Marinette, 13.25; Merrill, 2.50; Oconto, 11, C.E., 15; Omro, 1.63; Stevens Pt., 5; Westfield, 2.30; West Merrill, 2.50, 66.10
MISCELLANEOUS.—Catonsville, Md., Mrs. Alice M. Kerr, 25; Chicago, 1st, 25; Michigan, Miss Laura T. Haskell, 50 cts., 50.50

Total for month, $1,696.44
Total receipts since April 20, 8,338.78

MRS. C. B. FARWELL, *Treas.*,
Room 48, LeMoyne Block, 40 Randolph Street.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20, 1901.

## Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church for Aug., 1901.

* Indicates Summer Offering.

CAYUGA.—Auburn, Calvary, 3.63; 2d, 15; Aurora, 25; King Ferry, *9.50; Sennett, 5, $58.13
HUDSON.—Chester, Jr.C.E., 5; Hopewell Ch., 4.46; Nyack, C.E., 5; Otisville, 15; Port Jervis, 10, 39.46
NASSAU.—Elmhurst, 5, Y.L.S., 5, C.E., 25; Freeport, Union Soc., 4.50; Hempstead, C.E., 3.20, 42.70
NEW YORK.—New York, Central, Inter. C.E., 50; Park, 25, Friends, 65, C.E., 15; University Pl., Bethlehem Chapel, C.E., 25; A Friend, 15, 195.00
ST. LAWRENCE.—Heuvelton, C.E., 1; Theresa, *10; Waddington, 9.40; Scotch, C.E., 10; Watertown, 1st, 50; Boon St., Chapel, Y.P.S., 2; Stone St., 8, 90.40
SYRACUSE.—Fayetteville, C.E., 1.35; Hannibal, 5.50; Syracuse, 1st, C.E., 239.85; First Ward, C.E., 10, 256.70
WESTCHESTER.—Bedford, 5; Bridgeport, Ct., 25; Greenwich, Ct., 7; Mt. Vernon, Bd., 8; New Rochelle, 2d, 21.25 Bd., 3.75; South Salem, C.E., 3.19, 73.19

Total, $755.58
Total since April 1, 13,870.26

Received too late for last month: LONG ISLAND.—Amagansett, 5.28; Cutchogue, Bd., 5; Mattituck, 14.15, C.E., 4.72; Middle Island, 8.79; Port Jefferson, C.E., 13.40; Remsenburg, 15.27, Jr. C.E., 3; Setauket, 1.41; Shelter Island, 6, C.E., 25; Southampton, 16, C.E., 5.63, Jr. C.E., 5.50,

MISS HENRIETTA W. HUBBARD, *Treas.*,
156 Fifth Ave., New York City.

## Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Southwest for the month ending August 24, 1901.

EMPORIA.—Burlingame, C.E., 5; Cedar Pt., Jr.C.E., 1; Council Grove, C.E., 7.50; Newton, 7, C.E., 16; Wichita, 1st, Y.P.M.L., 130.59, Bd., 23.10; Lincoln St., 1; West Side, 11.25, C.E., 10, Jr.C.E., 3.75; Wellington, 25; Winfield, 10.50, C.E., 32.40, $284.09
OKLAHOMA.—Perry, 1, 1.00
SANTA FE.—E. Las Vegas, 1st, 10.00

Total for month, $295.09
Total to date, 1,818.43

MRS. WILLIAM BURG, *Treas.*,
1756 Missouri Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Aug. 24, 1901.

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